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THE LOOM OF POWER

BY THE EDITOR

AS the war drums throb in a crescendo of press-diffused excitement, it becomes increasingly difficult to discern what is essential and what is ephemeral in the international crisis. Yet never was this task more necessary, and THE FORTNIGHTLY would stand self-condemned if it did not seek to perform that task of discrimination. For even now a fair proportion of educated Englishmen and women, we dare to say, do not perceive the dimensions of the issue which Herr Hitler's display of German might and German truculence has brought to a head. Of the Government it can be said that they did at length get down to bed-rock, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain's spectacular air dash to see Herr Hitler in person at Berchtesgaden reflected enormous credit on the man. But in the earlier stages of the crisis there was the usual lack of imagination, and, be it said, more than a trace of that incurable double-mindedness which has done such untold harm in recent years. And, at the time of writing—after the French Ministers' visit to London—it looks as if Germany's overbearing behaviour has at long last convinced even the most island-bound Englishmen that British participation in an international defence system for Europe is indispensable. For it is unthinkable that any further pressure should be brought on the Czechoslovak victim of Germany's war-threats unless that State, shorn perhaps of its utterly disloyal elements, be supplied with a cast-iron guarantee of its existence. So much more is at stake than the immediate issue. The Cabinet may 'find a formula' to tide over the next few weeks, but they will not be forgiven any further fumbling. For years now the 'men of property' have refused, in M. Briand's pregnant phrase, to learn to 'speak European', and their pusillanimous counsels, even now, have manifestly brought about another sickening surrender to

blackmail. They do not come well out of this latest crisis. The reaction of the nation as a whole, on the other hand, has been nothing short of admirable.

The 'man in the pub' sees things simply, but he sees them whole. Without precise knowledge of the internal economy of Czechoslovakia, still less of the historical background of the age-old German-Slav conflict, he has come, in these past few weeks, to feel that in the present emergency there is only one thing England can do: and to realize that abdication is not a policy, that the supine attitude adopted in connection with Manchuria, Abyssinia, the foreign invasion of Spain, and the annexation of Austria, has simply had the effect of opening the flood-gates to those whose ὕβρις threatens all that we in the democratic countries hold most dear. He sees perfectly clearly that the welfare of the realm is bound up, for better or for worse, with the continued independence and territorial integrity of Czechoslovakia. Not so his elders and betters, who are alas! so often bemused by a welter of moral, social and economic considerations, which have "nothing to do with the case"—or rather, are irrelevant to the fundamentals that are the stock-in-trade of foreign offices.

It is said, for example, that Czechoslovakia is a "jig-saw" State which was created by the pernicious Treaty of Versailles; that the delimitation of territory was arbitrary, to suit the 'security' demands of France; that the German and Hungarian racial elements were not consulted on the question of incorporation into the new Republic; and that England should have no part in aiding France to perpetuate a historic wrong, in flagrant contradiction with the doctrine of "self-determination". The facts, are, of course, that, when the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy broke into fragments, the job of the Peace Conference was not to implement popular demands for self-government but to restrain and control the State-building proclivities of the manifold national groups already *de facto* constituted. In the mosaic of nationalities of eastern Europe, at any rate, the homogeneous national State is an impossibility—Poland, for instance, contains almost as high a percentage of diverse racial elements as Czechoslovakia. We have the authority of Professor Harold Temperley, a junior member of the Frontier Commission, that

the boundary fixed was the nearest approach to a "scientific" frontier that could be devised—in view of historic, strategic, economic *and* racial factors, all of which have to be taken into account. The fundamental rights of the *Volk*, about which the Nazis delight to orate, are a peculiar subjective notion incomprehensible to the Western European.

As for the suggestion that it was all the fault of France that Germany was ringed round with hostile States, here a little plain speaking is required : for the unthinking who bewail the wicked treaty and condemn it as the cause of all our trouble seem to be oblivious of certain essential facts :

(1) That Great Britain has as much responsibility as France for the territorial settlements of 1918-19, inasmuch as concessions to the demands of France or her *protégés* were set off against the gains of Mr. Lloyd George and his backers, writ large in the Admiralty's achievement of destruction of the German battle and mercantile fleet, the acquisition of German colonies, seizing of German property abroad, etc.

(2) That the Treaty settlement of 1918-19, *for the first time in history*, contained within itself provision for peaceful change, in Article XIX of the Covenant. It is not the fault of its authors and begetters that this provision has remained a dead letter.

(3) That, while France, as much as any other country, accepts the principle of *treaty revisability* (M. Clemenceau himself vouched for it when he described peace as "*une création continue*"), that is a very different proposition from "treaty revision" in the vernacular of the dissatisfied Powers.

(4) That, finally, whether we are dealing with the particular question of transforming the dictated peace of 1919 into an assented peace, or we have in mind the deeper need of providing a permanent and regular procedure, within the League system, of peaceful change, in either case useful work can only be done *on the basis of a ground-plan of international security*.

It is said, again that German expansion in Central and South Eastern Europe is a natural, normal and necessary process which it would be wrong and foolish for Great Britain to attempt to check. On the economic side, this argument is faithfully dealt with in a little book, *Bloodless Invasion* by Dr. Paul Einzig.† There is, indeed, under the Nazi domination, an intimate connection of economic technique with political control and striking power. Dr. Einzig demonstrates, moreover, that even full control over those areas would not meet Germany's requirements

*For an illuminating commentary on the unhappy confusion between the postulates of Statehood and nationhood, the things of Martha and the things of Mary,—due to some extent to the loose use in France and Great Britain of the word 'nationality' in both senses—readers are referred to the article by C. A. Macartney in the August issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

†(Duckworth 2s. 6d.) reviewed on another page.

for conducting a war (*cf.* : 1914—1918) and that therefore the challenge to the power and wealth of the British Empire would subsist. In any case those who think in terms of 'economic needs, no less than those who still purvey moral sentiment must be unaware of the *Dynamik* that drives the Dictators on. Frankenstein, quite evidently, has lost control over his monster.

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Others are writing of the developments inside Germany and Czechoslovakia which, with ever-accelerating tempo, have brought out the apparent futility of negotiation with the present paranoiac Germany. The contrast between the heroics of the German leaders and the dignified calm of Dr. Benes could not be more glaring; while the monstrous perversion of facts in the German and Italian Press makes one almost despair of humanity. It will be more useful, we think, to ignore the whirling Wagnerian words and concentrate on the problem as it affects the destiny of this country of ours, remembering, above all, that there can be no isolation of the Anglo-German nexus from the broader context.

It should, of course, be quite clear, that the offensive in Central Europe is simply an element in a vast plan of diplomatic strategy to achieve that preponderance of power, which so far has eluded the Berlin-Rome combination. With its effective domination of all smaller States lying to the south east, save Czechoslovakia —and a lien on Poland—the Germanic empire has by now nearly exhausted the possibilities of the axis movement. During the past year or so the mechanism has been rather that of a piston, whereby France and Great Britain were to be chivvied alternatively in Spain and in Bohemia.

Signor Mussolini by his actions has reduced to pulp the Anglo-Italian Agreement. General Franco, after due instructions from his German-Italian masters, has torpedoed the precious British plan for evacuation of foreign troops. How much longer will Mr. Chamberlain turn a blind eye to this persistent twisting of the lion's tail? He cannot any longer ignore the mischief in the Mediterranean and the fortifications and airfields constructed under German experts in the Basque country. If the Anglo-French Agreement means anything it means that the British frontier is as much on the Pyrenees as

the Rhine. At the same time, as in the case of Central Europe, the clash of power now manifested was surely inevitable. No 'sitting on the splice' can bring peace. The aim must, ultimately, be the establishment of a supernational authority to take over control of the strategic points and the world highways—and in the meantime an unshakeable resolution to resist the challenge of those who boast that they regard national self-interest backed by armed force as the only rule of international conduct. Above all, there must be a clearer understanding in high quarters of what we are up against.

It amounts to a formidable process of attrition, accompanied, of course, by the intermittent spraying of moral yperite, which is the distinctive mark of the new demagogy. Yet to judge from the columns of press comment, or the statements of Ministers, there might be no connection whatever between what is happening in the middle of Europe and the Mediterranean area.

The Czechoslovakian crisis has to be seen in this perspective. The Sudeten Germans are nothing more than a stalking-horse! As an article in *The Spectator* of September 2nd, pointed out, the supreme objective of German policy is the isolation of France—as an essential preliminary to expansion in Eastern Europe. Three years ago, France had four main defensive positions; *viz.* (a) the demilitarized left bank of the Rhine; (b) a free southern frontier, and frontier communication with northern Africa; (c) the alliance with Russia; and (d) the support of Great Britain. Only the last two remain. And the keystone of the arch is the thousand-year old Bohemian frontier. "Only the existence of an independent Czechoslovakia as a strategic factor in Europe prevents Hitler from attacking France immediately". The Government's reaffirmation that England's security is bound up with that of France, was all to the good, and if Europe is saved from war this month it will be thanks to the palpable demonstration that this Anglo-French solidarity is no mere phrase.

Herr Hitler's speech on September 12, however, was certainly menacing in the extreme, and one could see behind it that same device which secured so much sympathy for him in this country at the time of the German occupation of the Rhineland. The apostle of totalitarian exclusivism makes play with the word

' self-determination ', and thus paves the way for a situation in which the innocent British public will be confronted with the question ' do you wish to go to war to prevent three million "tortured" Germans from linking up with their brethren in the Reich ? ' Every time, hitherto, that Herr Hitler has staked on British high moral sentiment and love of peace, he has won his gamble.

Germany's aspiration takes many forms. In the final analysis, however, it can be summed up in a word—*power*, and under the conditions of anarchy which obtain in the international sphere power " grows by what it feeds on ". No such word as hegemony is employed—the term always applied to a similar presumed ambition on the part of France : now it is " the predominant *rôle* which Nature has destined Germany to play in Europe ". Superficially, it might seem common sense to meet those demands, for the sake of a quiet life. Powerful sections of the British governing class have indeed long been pressing upon the Government such a policy of giving danegeld, an attempt to isolate the Anglo-German problem from the whole context of inter-State relations. It cannot be done. The balance-of-power system must lead sooner or later to a clash of the power units, and in the twentieth century no State can hope to remain unaffected.

The truth of the matter is that Englishmen, generally, are still unaware of these elements of strategy which make up the warp and woof of international politics. Except for that small coterie of the governing class that has absorbed the Foreign Office tradition, we are utterly and wonderfully innocent in the matter of foreign affairs, and particularly the affairs of Europe. So many of the letters in the serious Press, so many actions of men eminent in professional and political life have reflected this point of view of an island people blissfully ignorant of the machinery of inter-State affairs—these affairs having been left up to 1914 in the capable hands of an oligarchy, which had for centuries practised the balance-of-power policy in Europe behind the sure shield of the British Navy.

Now, since the new conception of building up a new international order was allowed to go by default, power and the resolution to use it—and nothing else—has been revealed starkly

as the determining factor of international politics. Questions of friendship, sentiment, indeed the whole idiom of private morality are irrelevant. States are not moral beings, and a society of competing sovereign States is necessarily wedded to the law of the jungle.

Whether we like it or not, the pattern of inter-State relationships is still to-day woven upon the loom of power. And, since power is a relative quantity, a struggle, such as we are witnessing to-day, is unavoidable, with 'diplomacy and all that', however pacific in its professions, revealing an underlying assumption of violence. The only difference is that the Wagnerian technique of a Hitler has the effect of flood-lighting a situation normally wrapped in decent obscurity. The British Empire is the highest expression of power in the world, and it must expect to be challenged accordingly. Its citizens are willing to accept the responsibility that goes with power, but are unable, apparently, to understand that peace is essentially a matter of constructing an international polity. The drama of international politics to-day is a race between the forces of destruction released by the Nazi revolution in Germany, and the awakening impulse of responsibility to and for Europe in the British mind.

In short, the sole and sufficient reason for checking German expansion here and now is that, in the words of M. Necas, the Czech Minister of Public Welfare, speaking to a gathering of Sokols on July 5th : Czechoslovakia is " the point of balance " of the European system. It is well that this simple truth should be driven home. Let people only realize that every conflict between nations is fundamentally one for supremacy of power, and then they will insist on their leaders striking down to the root of the centuries-old evil ; which means the pooling of power in a peace-keeping organization, such as the League of Nations was intended to be. In every community the necessary means of progress and change has had to wait upon an authority capable of maintaining the public peace.

Only the consolidation of this armed power in an international authority, the application in some form or other of the federal principle which salvaged the American States in 1787, can inaugurate an era of peace and international security.

THE CZECH CRISIS—*The Foreground*

By C. F. Melville

THE German-Czech crisis has become a general European crisis. Manifestly, Herren Henlein, Kundt and their *confrères* are no longer free agents to accept or reject Czech offers, but have become mere marionettes, dancing to strings pulled from Berlin.

As regards the actual Sudeten question itself, it may be argued not without some justification that the Czechs would have been well advised to have removed certain legitimate German minority grievances long ago. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that since they began to make concessions they have made them on a generous scale, but unfortunately, the Sudeten leaders, under pressure from Germany, have merely said " No " to each concession offered. The last Czech offer—the now famous " Fourth Plan "—gives enormous concessions. It offers the Sudeten Germans virtual autonomy, and it offers them complete equality of rights *quâ* Germans. What the Czechs cannot do is to make concessions to the Sudeten Germans *quâ* Nazis. For the practice of National Socialist principles in the Sudetenland would mean the setting up of a miniature Germany within Czechoslovakia, taking its orders from Berlin, and becoming the instrument for undermining the Republic.

It should be remembered, moreover, that even before the Czech concessions were offered, the condition of the Sudeten minority, if far from ideal, was many times better than that of the German minorities in Poland and in the Italian South Tyrol. The mere fact, therefore, that it is precisely the best treated of these three German minorities which is the subject of the present German outburst, affords additional proof that Herr Hitler is not really interested in German minorities *per se*, but is interested in them purely as a weapon for achieving German expansion. Tactically, the German minority question in

Poland is left until after the German exploitation of the Sudeten question has played its part in subjecting Czechoslovakia to Germany. And the reclamation of the German-speaking provinces of Italy is put last of all on the list. For peace with Poland—and even more the preservation, temporarily at least, of the Berlin-Rome Axis—is necessary for Nazi Germany, while she attempts to achieve her primary aim of the creation of a German-controlled *Mitteleuropa*.

Paradoxical though it may seem, Herr Hitler, the man who "Prussianized" South Germany, and the man who destroyed Austria, is, nevertheless, essentially the exponent of a South German idea, with an Imperial German conception which can but be described as a modern version of seventeenth century "Austrianism". For is not Herr Hitler himself a South German, and an Austrian at that? Prussianized methods—as regards regimentation, discipline, military organization—are being employed. But Prussian 'ideology' plays but little part. The policy of Berlin traditionally, looks to the East—the Corridor, Poland, Russia. Traditionally, Berlin believes in the Bismarckian principles of "preserving the Berlin-Petersburg line". Berlin would reclaim the "Corridor" from Poland. But this other Germany of Hitler—symbolized at Nuremberg—is not interested, not at the moment, at all events, in the Baltic. It looks South. Herr Hitler always had a nostalgia for Austria, the Austria which gave birth to him, the Austria he has since brought under his rule; now he looks beyond Austria, much further beyond, and his visions would seem to be limitless.

I have no reason to doubt Herr Hitler's claim that he does not want Czechs, but only Germans, within the Greater Third Reich. Preferably he would like the Sudeten Germans to remain in name within Czechoslovakia (a Czechoslovakia federated to the point of extreme weakness), but to be in fact, by means of the idea of *Volksgemeinschaft*, part of Germany. By these means he could exert pressure upon Prague to do as Germany wants, and serve the German cause in Central Europe. This, in essence, is the meaning of the idea, put forward by a prominent Sudeten intellectual, Dr. Herr, that Germany and Czechoslovakia should pursue *eine Politik zu gleicher Hand im Donauraum*

(there is no exact translation of this, the nearest English equivalent seems to be " a policy of mutual interests in the Danubian area "). The policy of " mutual interests " between a Great and a Small Power, such as Germany and Czechoslovakia meaning, of course, that the latter should serve the interests of the former. This, of course, also pre-supposes the giving up by Czechoslovakia of her French and Russian alliances.

The new demand for the incorporation of the Sudetenland within the German Reich—for this is what the call for a plebiscite really means—can be explained along lines of a newly-devised political strategy. Herr Hitler, confronted with the united opposition of practically all Europe, has hesitated to press the button which should start an immediate European war in which Germany might well be the loser. Yet, for internal reasons, he cannot retrace his steps. So—with the dangerously foolish promptings of *The Times*—he makes a new and different move, that of demanding " self-determination ", a plebiscite, in this way seeking to throw the onus on the Czechs. Thus things move forward, and move apace. Negotiation, compromise, settlement, none of these things will be of any use. He has created a *dynamism* which makes any basis of settlement other than that of " the sky's the limit " impossible for him.

So much, in general terms, for the German aspect of the situation. What of the other, the " European " aspect ?

Great Britain, with the agreement of France, has taken the lead in trying to obtain a settlement by negotiation and compromise. Hence the Runciman Mission. Hence the continuous pressure on Prague to go to the full limit, and perhaps a little beyond, of concession. At one time it was really thought that peace might be preserved by means of such a settlement by negotiation. At a later stage it became evident that this hope was steadily receding. Nevertheless, so long as the Runciman Mission could keep the ball rolling, at least there was always the hope of preventing war breaking out before the autumn. Then with the coming of winter, war could be postponed—at least until next year. These calculations certainly worked out well enough for a time. But since Germany has begun to force the pace, and it has become clear that the only alternatives are to surrender or to make a stand,

the talk of a negotiated settlement has become a façade, a necessary one, admittedly, but a façade for all that. For the reality of the new situation created by Germany is that aspect I have stated—that the main issues have passed out of the realm of Benes, Hodza, Henlein, Kundt (and Runciman) into the wider realm of Germany versus Europe. Hence, British diplomacy, whilst still striving for the now almost unattainable settlement by negotiation, was obliged to take into consideration the possibility of war, and to look to the probable European alignments. Thus, there came about, for instance, the sudden diplomatic activity between London and Warsaw. The result of this was a clarification of the Polish position, which now (Sept. 15th) stands as follows :—

In the event of a German attack on Czechoslovakia in which Britain were not involved, Poland, while not assisting Germany —and while remaining neutral as regards the actual German-Czech fighting—would occupy Teschen, the Polish-speaking part of Czechoslovakia, and stop the German expansion from going further. In the event of a war over Czechoslovakia, in which Britain were involved, the Poles would come in on our side, and a Polish army would strike at the German army operating from Silesia before the latter could establish contact with the German army attacking from Austria.

Likewise, Rumania and Yugoslavia, both of which would probably remain neutral if Britain did not come in, would be on our side if we did. Hungary would probably proclaim "neutrality". There remains the question-mark of Italy. Italy might hold the ring for Germany. Equally, she might sit on the fence, and then come in on the winning side, especially on the side of the highest bidder. Great Britain's policy of refusing a strict pledge to Czechoslovakia, while promising to come to the aid of France, once France was involved on the side of Czechoslovakia, is based not only on political, but also on strategic considerations. For Mr. Chamberlain's enunciation, in the first place, of this policy, on March 24th, followed reports which he had called for and received from the British General Staff.

In the view of the British military experts, the German attack on Czechoslovakia, which would be rapid, would succeed to the

extent of that country becoming, for a time, a second Belgium. The main brunt of France's efforts (*i.e.*, by her land armies, for she could probably only send an air force to Czechoslovakia in the early stages) would be on the Western front, and Great Britain's contribution, by her air force and navy, would be on the extreme West of the Western Front.

Russia would be sending an air force to Czechoslovakia. The question of her sending a land army would have its difficulties, as neither Poland nor Rumania are anxious to have the Red Army passing over their territory to assist Czechoslovakia, for fear that it would be more difficult to get the Russians out than in.

With regard to Czechoslovakia herself, although she would be out-numbered by Germany by a ratio of approximately 4.5 to 1, in man-power, her army is, nevertheless highly mechanized, and particularly well supplied with armaments (especially machine-guns). Her frontiers are heavily fortified. She could not stand for long against Germany unaided. But she could give a good account of herself for long enough for her allies to come to her assistance and smash Germany.

Here then is the politico-military lay-out of the situation. If by the time this article is in print, there is still no war, then there are the following possible alternatives. Perhaps there will be only a postponement of the war. Or perhaps an uneasy, and by no means permanent, peace might be patched up by means of some kind of accommodation of Germany's aims in Central Europe, conditioned by certain safeguards (which I for one could not believe would be lasting or effective), and brought about in such a way that the form if not the fact of Czechoslovak independence would be preserved. Or there might be the third alternative of a definite and united "NO" to Germany, from the European "moral coalition", which would definitely prevent war and preserve Czechoslovakia on the basis of the hoped-for settlement by negotiation. Of the three, the second alternative would surely be disastrous. It would be suicide, albeit a slow and camouflaged one. The last alternative is the one earnestly to be hoped for. The first alternative, although it would bring a temporary relief, would bring no more than that. Finally,

there is the alternative of war itself, now or in the immediate future. Its consequences would be incalculable.

In conclusion it may be said, I am certain, that the majority of the British people feel that every effort to obtain a solution by peaceful means should be made—and this conviction probably counterbalanced for many at the time the misgivings regarding Mr. Neville Chamberlain's decision to meet Herr Hitler at Berchtesgaden on September 15th; but equally they feel that, if all efforts at pacification should fail, then there is one thing which can be worse than war, and that is to permit the triumph of the aggressor without any attempt at resistance, for such would not only be dishonour, it would also be the signing of our own death-warrant.

P.S.—Since writing the above article, the British and French Governments, following Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Herr Hitler, agreed upon a plan for transferring to Germany those Sudeten districts where there is a clear German majority; the smaller Czechoslovakia which would thus emerge to be guaranteed by the Great Powers, including Britain.

At the time of writing it is by no means certain that the Czechoslovak Government will necessarily accept this plan. Already the Czechs feel that as the existing French guarantee, the France-Czech Alliance, has failed to save them from the German menace, why should they be expected to place more confidence in a new kind of guarantee? For the Czechs to give way to the Anglo-French plan, may, therefore, be a case of throwing away the substance for the shadow. They may yet fight. Peace is not certain.

This solution corresponds to the patched-up peace solution which, in the foregoing article, I criticized as lacking the elements of a permanent peace. It is clearly a case of surrendering once again to German blackmail. It may postpone the war for a time. It cannot put it off for long. It is not only a case of "Peace with dishonour". It is also a case of bad diplomacy. Herr Hitler has now another proof that he has only to bully to get what he wants. So he will go on bullying—and getting what he wants. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Daladier between them have handed to Herr Hitler the key to the Central European citadel. The States of Eastern and South-Eastern Europe, which would have backed Britain and France now, if they had withstood Germany, will, when the postponed war does come, very probably either back Germany or remain "neutral". Austria! Czechoslovakia! Where and when will it end?

THE CZECH CRISIS: *The Background*

By Robert Parker

IT is always a thankless task to make prophecies in the field of politics, but those who said that Hitler, in his final speech at Nuremberg, would not talk war were right. He used strong language, he shouted, he issued one threat after another, but he did not shut the door through which peace could modestly enter. For the time being Hitler will not go to war because he knows that under the present circumstances he could not win. Genius that he is, he is sure that he can reach the goal of his somnambulist dreams without the hazard of war.

What is this goal? The "freeing" of the Sudeten Germans, the occupation of the Rhineland, the Saar plebiscite and the *Anschluss* are nothing but milestones on the road. When Adolf Hitler in 1933 as "*Führer* and *Reichskanzler*" moved into the new Chancery on the Wilhelmsplatz his first thought was to hang up in his private study—not in the official room of State where he receives foreign diplomats and visitors — a map on which the Greater Germany of his ambitious dreams was shown. Every evening when he gathered around him his henchmen he pointed out to them on this map the frontiers of this new and great Germany. In the first flush of their triumph, after seizing power in 1933, the Nazis flooded the world with reproductions of the famous map. In the "new Germany" were included not only Austria and the Sudetenland, but also the Polish 'corridor,' West Prussia and Upper Silesia as well as German Switzerland, the Flemish areas of Belgium and the frontier districts of Holland and Denmark. In the minds of the National Socialist megalomaniacs the German-speaking districts of Hungary were also annexed. In view of protests from all sides, even from friendly Hungary, the Nazis withdrew this map of dreams. It did not, however, disappear from the mind and heart of Adolf Hitler, who is not the man to renounce

his fixed aims. In the memorable meeting which he had with the unfortunate Austrian Chancellor, Dr. von Schuschnigg on February 12th of this year in the romantic mountain castle on the Obersalzberg, he declared,

> "I will found an Empire of ninety millions of Germans. Nobody will stop me, neither you nor anyone else in the world. I have on the Western front a Maginot line just as strong as the French. No French soldier will ever put his foot on German soil."

When the German troops actually marched into Austria, no French soldier did in fact put his foot on German soil. Hitler with his usual skill chose exactly the right moment when there was no Government in France and therefore no authority to protest against his action. It is, however, more than doubtful whether France would have stirred herself even if she could. England was in no way prepared to lift a finger to save Austria, of which fact Hitler had shown himself well aware when he remarked to Schuschnigg : "Lord Halifax has given me to understand that England has no objection to my policy in Central Europe". (This allegation was denied both by the British and the French authorities. Those who are supposed to be well-informed hold the view that Hitler was induced to make this statement because Lord Halifax uttered not a word when the former, with his usual fluency, informed him of his plans. Lord Halifax confined himself to the *rôle* of a mute but, nevertheless, interested listener. It is also said that Lord Halifax does not understand a word of German, and that therefore the conversation which was to be of such high importance for the fate of the whole of Central Europe was held with the aid of an interpreter. Herr Hitler, therefore, may have persuaded himself—and he is easily persuaded to believe what he pleases—that, apart from some written protests, he had nothing to fear at all from England. Events proved him right).

England and France, victims of the wiles of Herr Hitler, have made the big mistake of not realizing that Czechoslovakia was to be defended not in Prague but in Vienna. One mistake follows another with irresistible logic. The fundamental error into which the victorious Western democracies let themselves slide after the war was the break-up of the old Habsburg monarchy. Certainly, it had suffered enormously from the storms of centuries, but at any rate it offered the one possibility

for guaranteeing stable conditions in Central Europe. It was a magnificent old seignorial palace under whose roof all the small peoples of the Danube basin were well housed and protected by their community against external enemies and wherein they could develop their own culture and civilization. This old palace was torn down, and in its place arose modern structures in which each of these small Danubian States is now leading its own national existence. Far-seeing statesmen of the Entente knew what disastrous results this short-sighted policy would have for Europe. To-day the Czechs can only be saved by war—never by concessions, which would only delay but not prevent Hitler's march to triumph.

Perhaps France and England would have shown more understanding about conditions in Austria if Dr. von Schuschnigg had not at all times and in all places spoken of the " *Gesamtdeutsches Schicksal* " (the " common fate of all Germans "). He, whose grandfather was a Slovene, thought it necessary always to stress his Germanism. He proclaimed it so consistently that England and France completely forgot that he was an Austrian—which he really was. He was an extremely cultured man, completely filled with the spirit of Austrian baroque and one who could never accommodate himself to the brutal views of Nazism. But he was no statesman and of an unpardonable ignorance of men. He trusted in a man like Dr. Guido Schmidt and made him the official representatives of his foreign policy. He remained deaf to all warnings which well-meaning Austrian politicians and foreign diplomats offered him concerning his Foreign Secretary. Even in the last hours Dr. Guido Schmidt deliberately gave wrong information to the representatives of England and France on the conversation at Berchtesgaden.

What about Czechoslovakia? She was the neighbour of Austria. Dr. Masaryk and his disciple Benes were among the European statesmen who surely were bound to know how things were going on in Austria. Masaryk undoubtedly was one of the greatest men of our time. He was honest in his ideals for his country, but, as idealists usually are, he was unable to recognize realities, and neither he nor Benes saw what was happening in their neighbour's house. How can the Western Powers therefore be reproached for committing the same fundamental

error, if even the Czechs were not able to see what was happening?

Every injustice revenges itself in history. When in 1918 the Austro-Hungarian monarchy broke up, the three and a half million Sudeten Germans demanded, on the basis of Wilson's Fourteen Points, the right to join Austria, their nearest relation in race and culture. The Czechs appeared in Paris with a mass of cleverly-arranged material by which they proved to their friends of the Entente that the Sudeten Germans were nothing else than Germanized Czechs. Moreover, they succeeded in persuading the Big Four that the economic system of the newly-to-be-created Czechoslovak State was bound to depend on the industrial areas inhabited by the Sudeten Germans. The fine theory of Wilson of self-determination deteriorated into a new notion that a people could only claim " self-determination " if this did not injure the interests of another people. On this crying injustice was based the Czechoslovak State. Historical injustice, as a Magna Charta for the foundation of a State! But that was only the beginning. The Czechs, now sovereign masters in their own house, immediately set out to consolidate their mastery over the other nationalities.

If one considers impartially the rights and wrongs responsible for the present state of things in Europe one must not, however, forget to point out to the Sudeten Germans their own long list of faults. They are a frontier people, tough and unyielding. They despise the Czechs and have treated them accordingly. They were one of the most gifted national groups belonging to the old Habsburg monarchy, to which they gave a great many Ministers, professors and artists of high quality. But as politicians they were unthinkably bad. All attempts on the part of Austrian Governments to bring about the famous Czech *Ausgleich*, that is to say, to find a basis for a peaceful understanding between the Germans and the Czechs in the Kingdom of Bohemia, were frustrated by the intransigence of the Sudeten Germans. It was in their country that National Socialism was born—in 1888. Wotan, as he looms to-day over Nazi Germany, first saw the light of day in Trautenau, an old German town in the Sudeten land. At that time no one knew of the existence of this " Sudeten " land. There was only *Deutschböhmen*—German Bohemia. Their leaders, Iro, Malik, Wolf and above all,

Schoenerer, the man who created the *Alldeutschpartei* were the first Nazis in the world, and it is from them that Hitler learned his anti-Semitism and his social ideas. They were loud-voiced politicians who obstinately refused any understanding with the Czech population of Bohemia. But, notwithstanding, the Czechs were never oppressed in their own country. In the monarchy itself, whose governmental system was perhaps old-fashioned, but extremely humanitarian, there was no oppression of one nationality by another. And, remember, the Czechs supplied many ministers and high officials. At all times they knew how to get control of Ministries such as Labour and Railways from which they could exercise the greatest influence on the workers. In 1918, the victors were too easily led to believe Czech propaganda. In 1938 it is the Czechs who have to pay the penalty.

The task which the Czechs faced at the beginning of their independence was undoubtedly a very difficult one. Blinded by their victory and drunk with a liberty which they had really always possessed, the Czechs received a mandate from the Allies to build a State, far beyond their ethnic and national strength. The structure created as Czechoslovakia in 1918 is nothing else than an imitation—and a very poor imitation at that—of the old monarchy. It is likewise composed of various nationalities but without possessing the foundation pillars of the old monarchy—army, administration and tradition—which had proved their worth through the history of ten centuries. What the Czechs brought to their new task was nothing else than a self-assurance which prevented their otherwise clear-sighted politicians from adopting a reasonable attitude. They proceeded systematically to " Czechize " the thoroughly German territories in their State. In German towns and villages Czech officials who spoke no word of German, and did not wish to, were introduced. Czech schools opened, and German-speaking districts suddenly became areas of mixed-language. In their blind hate against the economic supremacy of the Germans, the Czechs set out to cripple and even destroy all the industries situated in the German frontier districts. This policy met with such success that it caused widespread suffering—with the result that, for years past, in the early mornings, even in the poorest farmer's hut, could be heard

the strains of the Horst Wessel song, broadcast from stations in Germany, shouting defiance to the Czechs.

An important means of political oppression employed by the Czechs was the expropriation of land from big landed proprietors of the Sudeten area—which was looked upon as a national action to provide the poor landworkers and the Legionaries with land. The Czech Agrarians, among whom there are a great number of large landowners, did not suffer very much, but the German nobility and the German monasteries sustained enormous losses for which they were compensated with insignificant sums. It even happened in the early days of the Czech State that Legionaries and Czech troops fired upon the German population if they dared to defend themselves against their enemies.

Slovakia, which formerly belonged to Hungary, and which the Czechs claimed to set free, was not treated as a liberated but as a conquered country. This mistake was intensified by the fact that the Czechs introduced an administration of whom many officials were incapable or corrupt. There is no object in enumerating all the mistakes which the Czechs committed in the treatment of their own brethren, the Slovaks, but it is sufficient to state the result that, if there were to-day an independent plebiscite in Slovakia, there would probably be a very considerable minority, if not even a majority, in favour of a return to Hungary. And under the Magyars the Slovaks could not be said to have led a very easy life.

Such were the faults the Czechs committed in their internal policy. It is because of these unpardonable faults that Herr Hitler is to-day hammering at Prague's door. Their mistakes weigh all the heavier, because their foreign policy also was conducted in a rather short-sighted way, with the result that Czechoslovakia is now surrounded by a ring of unfriendly and even hostile States. There are no illusions that the alliance, the Little Entente, which is the pride of Dr. Benes' heart, affords to Czechoslovakia in the Danubian basin even the slightest protection.

As long as Gustav Stresemann, the best and the purest German who after the war ever worked for his country, was Minister of Foreign Affairs, he always refused to have relations with the Sudeten Germans. Several of their leaders went to Berlin to see

him. He received them, but, loyal to the obligations of Germany, he did not give them the least assistance. Dr. Benes himself once put in an appearance in Berlin and declared to Dr. Stresemann, "*Anschluss* means war". Dr. Benes and his collaborators felt themselves too secure and did not see the two ways by which this much-dreaded *Anschluss* might have been prevented.

The first of these two ways was the foundation of a Confederation of all the Danubian States, victors as well as vanquished, in which all should be bound together on a basis of equality. All the plans and ideas were far too one-sided, being based on the selfish interests of the various Great Powers. The Tardieu Plan to which Czechoslovakia would have agreed broke down on the opposition of Italy and Germany. The attempt which Italy subsequently made by the Rome Protocols, remained imperfect because neither Czechoslovakia, nor Yugoslavia nor Rumania participated in it. Had the Danubian States joined together in a free Confederation making a strong whole, Herr Hitler would never have been able to effect the rape of Austria nor to send his tanks up to the former Czech-Austrian frontier.

Czechoslovakia should have understood that her sole salvation was based on the maintenance of Austrian independence. Her frontier with Austria was unfortified. There was no need to fortify it, because Austria had never thought of making war on Czechoslovakia. To-day Austria is a *Reichsdeutsch* territory, and this frontier resembles the belly of a hedgehog protected on its whole body by spines but which is defenceless when its cunning enemy, the fox, rolls it upon its back. In a certain sense that is what is happening at present to Czechoslovakia.

The first way to guarantee the independence of Austria by creating the Danube Confederation was not chosen. The second way, which Austria herself was prepared to follow, was prohibited, The whole world insisted on her "independence" with such emphasis that she ceased to be independent. Latterly the Monarchist idea in Austria, the home country of the Habsburgs, had made so much progress that sooner or later it could have borne fruit. Fear of the return of the Habsburgs was one of the most urgent reasons that drove Hitler to march into Austria. The Habsburgs back in Vienna would have been an insur-

mountable obstacle for him. While in Berlin this was fully understood, Prague was incapable of believing it.

Yugoslavia feared, in the event of a Restoration, that the Croats would go over to the side of Austria. The Yugoslav Government was, therefore, opposed to the idea. But its resistance could have been overcome by the good offices of England and France. Italy, after the murder of Dr. Dollfuss, was favourably disposed towards a restoration, but the moment she conceived her ardent friendship with Nazi Germany she changed her mind and declared that as a Fascist State she could not agree to a Socialist monarchy (that being the new form which Otto von Habsburg gave to his restoration idea in order to win over the support of the working classes). The man who remained everlastingly the personal enemy of the Habsburg idea was Dr. Benes. He declared, *inter alia*,—"On the day when Otto von Habsburg enters Vienna the representatives of the Little Entente will leave the city". When at the beginning of this year the Czechs finally became aware that the danger threatening Austria also threatened them it was too late. To-day they have in Vienna Hitler and not Habsburg. Are they now feeling easier in their minds ?

It would have been possible to erect the monarchist barricade against the advance of National Socialism in the Danube basin. Not only in Austria but also in Hungary the restoration was winning more and more adherents. Even to-day, the Hungarian peasants, just like the Tyroleans and the Upper and Lower Austrian peasants, are loyal to the Imperial cause. How great a service could Dr. Benes have rendered had he realized that the Habsburgs would not come as enemies but as friends! He did not wish to realize it on account of his personal antagonism to the old Imperial house and now he has to face the consequences of his policy.

Another matter of importance must be considered—the question of psychological understanding. For years the Czechs had failed to accord the Sudetendeutsch Party any of its demands and thus created among the German population the impression that by their own resources nothing was to be had from the Government. Later there began to appear cleavages in their ranks, and in 1935-37 the moderate groups were already

gaining ground against the radical wing that was composed of the successors of Iro, Malik and the other Wotanists. On the other hand, the successful resistance which Austria put up against the formidable pressure of Germany caused a decline in Hitler's prestige in the party itself. This situation is also one of the reasons for which Hitler had to " liberate " Austria. Had the Czechs, who must have been aware of this growing dissension among the Henleinists, done everything possible to support Austria in her fight for independence, it is certain that sooner or later there would have been an internal split among the Sudeten Germans. That would have been the time for the Czechs to step in, but now they are bound to await Hitler's pleasure.

To repeat what was said at the beginning, Hitler will not go to war. It is not necessary for him to do so. Czechoslovakia is completely at his mercy. He can squeeze the life out of her not only politically, but also economically. He is to-day already master of the Sudetenland. This is the tragedy which will seal the fate of the Czechs, a people so lovable, clever and industrious. The demands which they are obliged under the present threats of Hitler to accord to the Sudeten Germans could have been voluntarily accorded twenty years ago. Under the pressure of a typical National Socialism of their own, Czech statesmen constructed their State not on right or justice but on that same principle which now threatens them—force. They changed their national right into a national wrong.

The greatest tragedy of all is that England and France should have to fight for the maintenance of such an injustice. In the present circumstances, the maintenance of the Czechoslovak State is one of the most important necessities, politically, militarily and economically. After the disappearance of Austria she is the last barrier that separates Hitler from his dream of the 90 million Empire.

GERMANY'S "BLEEDING FRONTIERS"

By Joachim Joesten

IN the vocabulary of Nazi catch-words there is no more appealing phrase than that of the "bleeding frontiers". Think of it! Sixteen millions of hapless Germans forced to live unredeemed just outside the frontier-posts of Happy New Germany! (Since the annexation of Austria there must be a deduction of six and a half millions). But that was, at any rate, the figure given in a pamphlet which the "*Deutsches Auslandsinstitut*", an official Reich institution, published two years ago. Here is the complete list of Germans living abroad according to this publication :—

[Austria	6,500,000]
Czechoslovakia	3,500,000
Switzerland	2,950,000
France with Alsace-Lorraine ..	1,700,000
Poland with Silesia and Pomerania	1,150,000
Rumania	800,000
Yugoslavia	700,000
Hungary	600,000
Danzig	400,000
Luxemburg	290,000
Italy with South Tyrol	250,000
Belgium with Eupen-Malmédy ..	125,000
Lithuania with Memel	120,000
Latvia	70,000
Denmark with North-Schleswig ..	60,000
Total ..	19,215,000

In addition to this European total of nearly twenty millions, there are the 6,500,000 Germans in North America and the 3,300,000 in Central America, 1,170,000 in South America, 108,000 in Africa, 25,000 in Asia, 90,000 in Australia and 1,180,000 in the whole of Soviet Russia.

Obviously, this amazing list demands a few explanations. Observe, first of all, the clever use of the little word "with" (*mit*). It allows, as in the case of "Dänemark mit Nordschleswig"

to combine a German *colony* of 20,000, who are Reich citizens, with a supposed *minority* of 40,000 (in reality there are only 28,000), who are Danish subjects. Thus, you get the purely hypothetical figure of 60,000, which the least scrupulous sort of Nazi agitators will then use as the number of "unredeemed Germans under Danish yoke". So with the 1,700,000 "Germans" in France *with* Alsace-Lorraine, and the other countries mentioned.

On the other hand, it is clear that some sort of distinction must be made between these many millions of *Auslandsdeutsche* (Germans abroad). Not even the most fanatical Nazi would consider them all equally redeemable.

Before the *Anschluss*, this is how the Great-German theorists used to classify their 100,000,000 total of Germans in the world: (a) *Reichsdeutsche*, 65 millions; (b) *Binnendeutsche* (that is to say Germans living outside the Reich but not subjected to a foreign race, as in Austria, Switzerland, Luxemburg, Danzig), about 10,000,000; (c) *Grenzdeutsche i.e.*, Germans living under foreign rule in territories bordering upon the Reich, close on 7 millions; (d) *Deutsche in Uebersee* (overseas Germans), 11 millions; and lastly (e) *Deutsche Volkssplitter* ("splinters of the German people"), under which heading are included primarily the German racial enclaves scattered throughout the Danube region and the Balkans.

The first tangible result of Hitler's expansionist drive has been the transfer of self-ruling Austria from group (b) into (a), creating thereby a Reich German *bloc* of nearly 75,000,000 souls (the natural increase of population in the past three years was about 3 millions). The question now is: how many more "redeemable" Germans, in the eyes of the Nazis, are there left?

Obviously, groups (b) and (c) are the only ones from which further accretion may be expected. Hardly anybody in his senses, however keen his Nazi feelings and expansionist desires, would dream of annexing America for the sake of including its eleven million Germans in the future Reich. Nor do the Balkan "splinters" seem redeemable, at least not for some considerable time; though the case of the Volga Germans and other enclaves within Soviet Russia must be considered apart, as some of the highest Nazi leaders, including Hitler, deem it

quite feasible to annex so much of Poland and Russia as to bring even these lost sheep back to the fold.

Of course, the number of redeemable Border-Germans has been somewhat fluid of late years. For, that is the great thing about the Nazis' "bleeding frontiers"—they can be made to bleed or heal at will, with instantaneous effect!

Take, for instance, the Polish border. For the first fifteen years after the War it bled heart-rendingly. Then came that great witch-doctor Adolf Hitler who touched the wound and exclaimed: "Stop bleeding for the next ten years!" and lo! the effusion was staunched.

So with Alsace-Lorraine where, by order of the *Führer*, no further bleeding will occur—as long as the French behave! And with the South Tyrol, for years a festering wound in the side of the German body, but now suddenly white-washed, bandaged and blandly overlooked. (Yet, heaven knows the 250,000 South Tyroleans whom Herr Hitler gladly sacrificed to his axis-partner are more genuine Germans than Alsatians, North-Schleswigers or even the Sudeten are!) Instead, look what a hæmorrhage now on the Czech border. Which proves that, after all, even the Nazis' intransigent Great-Germanism, for all its mysticism and proud contempt of realities, allows for an occasional dose of opportunist restraint. But that does not really make their irredentist creed potentially any less dangerous to the outside world; as little, indeed, as the edge of a sword is blunted by the sheath.

To regulate and synchronize this bleeding of a dozen frontiers, in perfect keeping with the day-to-day needs of a fluid foreign policy is not, of course, a one man's business. In fact, it takes no less than *three* big organisms, with a total staff of several thousands, to do the job with German thoroughness. There are:

(1) The "*Deutsches Auslands-Institut*" (D.A.I.) in *Stuttgart*, which does the main work, with a far-flung organization, namely, *research*. Founded as early as 1917, the Institute played a comparatively modest *rôle* until it was, in 1933, taken over and developed by the Nazis.

To-day, the D.A.I., with a permanent staff of more than a hundred persons, a special library of 50,000 volumes and an infinitude of archives, is doubtless one of the biggest scientific

institutions in the world. A feature of the D.A.I. is its probably unparalleled Press-cutting service. More than 16,000 newspapers and reviews, of which 1,100 are foreign, are regularly received at the Institute's press department, and every item somehow relating to Germans abroad is carefully clipped and filed. In addition, the "House of Germanism", where the D.A.I. is lodged, comprises a museum, vast collections of maps and films, model workshops, *etc.*, all for the study of world Germanism and propaganda.

Before the Nazis came into possession of it, the D.A.I. was a purely academic institution of a high standard and reputation. But now some of its main activities betray a rather dubious character. The press department, for instance, has been busy, these last years, keeping a record of world newspapers where every foreign publication is minutely classed as "pro-German", "neutral", "hostile" and so forth. Extracts from this register are currently circulated to the German Chambers of Commerce and other economic bodies which use this information for advertising purposes, favouring the sympathetic papers and boycotting the others.

Still more objectionable is the "World Register of Germans" which was instituted in March, 1934, by the newly created *Hauptstelle für auslandsdeutsche Sippenkunde*, or genealogical research department. Under the pretence of helping Germans abroad to investigate their pedigrees (a matter of no little importance for a Reich citizen!) the Institute is doing here, in close co-operation with the "Gestapo", a thorough business of snooping and spying. Along with the "World Register", where more than five million German families are on file, the "World Migration Book", which keeps track carefully of the movements of *all* Germans abroad is a helpful source of information to the Nazi Secret Police.

Next comes (2) the famous "*Volksbund für das Deutschtum im Ausland*" (V.D.A.), a propaganda machine of unparalleled dimensions. Its business is to *finance* and *organize*, with the aid of the material supplied by the D.A.I., whatever irredentist campaign or propaganda drive the Nazi leadership deems convenient to launch at a given moment. For this purpose,

the two organizations were closely co-ordinated on January 1st, 1934.

Under Nazi control, the V.D.A. (which has been in existence in rudimentary form, for more than fifty years) rapidly expanded its following and financial power. In addition to its more than five million of individual adherents, the V.D.A. counts tens of thousands of collective members (clubs, professional associations, municipalities, *etc.*) most of which have had to affiliate by order.

On top of both D.A.I. and V.D.A. rides the foreign organization (*Auslands-Organisation* or A.O.) of the Nazi Party under the leadership of Ernst Wilhelm Bohle. For many years a district-leader of the Party—each of the 600 foreign sections of the N.S.D.A.P. spread all over the globe, is officially described as a *Gau* (district) of the Party—Herr Bohle, by a decree of January 30th, 1937, was appointed to a senior post within the German Foreign Office.

Through this measure, the A.O., long suspect to foreign governments for its openly subversive activities (it was one of the prime instigators of the Spanish Insurrection!) was officially integrated into the German diplomatic service. Herr Bohle's first act, in his new capacity, was to decree that henceforward the *Landesgruppenleiter* (head officials) of the A.O., that is to say a *party* unit, were to represent the Reich to the same degree as the German ambassador or minister in each country, and in fact accompany these on all official occasions.

Thus, the A.O., with the 760 officials on its pay-roll, commanding a total of 35,000 party members spread throughout the world, appears to-day as the unquestioned overlord of thirty million "unredeemed" Germans, the great regulator of the Reich's "bleeding frontiers". Every year (early in September) on the eve of the Party Congress, some 15 to 20,000 A.O. agents rally in Stuttgart, the "Capital of Germans Abroad" to receive instructions for the propaganda work of the coming year.

Perhaps the best illustration of the A.O.'s uncompromising irredentism was provided, not long ago, by a leading official whom a French reporter asked: "Has not Hitler solemnly renounced Alsace-Lorraine?" "Sure", replied the Nazi, "but the Alsatians have never renounced Germany"!

FRANCO'S SPAIN

By Manuel Chaves Nogales

WHEN the war in Spain began it was not difficult to take one's side. So direct and so violent was the clash between Left and Right, reaction and revolution, that anyone, however far removed from the problems of Spain, was able to proclaim himself a partisan of the Republic or of General Franco without fear of betraying his convictions, by simply glancing at the headlines in the daily press. And so world opinion on the Spanish war was formed. We Spaniards had not the right to claim a more careful scrutiny of the factors which entered into this appalling conflict, for we had stated the problem in such clear and inescapable terms.

But now after two years of warfare and a million dead, it is no longer so simple. It is not possible to keep one's eyes closed to the reality of what is happening in Spain, to persist in believing that the Spaniards on one side and the other are fighting purely and simply for or against whichever ideological system the spectator may have adopted.

When the Spanish military leaders, in the cities which they had seized, found themselves in control of political power, they did not know what to do with it, and being mistrustful of the typically Conservative forces in whose name they had acted, they placed it in the hands of the Spanish organization having most affinity with Fascism, the *Juntas de Ofensiva Nacional Sindicalista* (National-Syndicalist Action Committees), which offered them more guarantees of fighting power, was not afraid of the prospect of civil war, was even ready to use systematically the weapon of terrorism and, moreover, offered an effective support from abroad.

Spanish Fascism is a typically anti-national movement. As anti-national as Communism, to which it serves as a dummy imitator, this *Falange Española* is the violent and desperate reaction of a small intellectual nucleus against the incorruptible

fidelity of the Spanish people to their racial characteristics. Primo de Rivera, the father, had been the victim of his " bigotry " about things Spanish. The Spanish sort of Fascism practised without success by the old general must, therefore, be superseded by pure Fascism, the strict application of the doctrine of the Totalitarian State, as postulated by Primo de Rivera the son. *Falange Española* was, then, a simple intellectual reaction against " *españolismo* " or " Spanishness ".

To bring about the sterilization of Phalangism, the military pursued the tactics of drowning in a veritable human flood the troops of *Falange* who dreamed of being the directive nucleus of Spanish life. There came a moment when everybody was a Phalangist. Once Spanish Fascism was dissolved into the multitude it was then submitted to the denaturalization of being fused with a force which, its superior in fighting efficacy and in national impulse, is in substance the enemy of its teaching—*i.e.*, traditionalism, the famous *requetés*.

This would have been sufficient to guarantee to the military and the Conservative classes the harmlessness of *Falange* if the prolongation of the war had not forced General Franco to pass from concession to concession, until he found himself at the mercy of Spanish Fascism and of its real support, Italian Fascism. The "real power" has passed into the hands of Signor Mussolini. That is the second stage in the denaturalization of the movement. The counter-revolutionary nationalism, which was first transformed into revolutionary Spanish imperialism, is now nothing but slavery to the imperialism of Signor Mussolini.

And here the process of evolution would end, if the Spanish military were capable of feeling for the Italians the same consideration and the same respect which they feel for the Germans. But the real truth is this : the Spanish Army, though enthusiastically Germanophile, has no feelings of affection for Italy. For the sake of a Franco victory Signor Mussolini has made considerable sacrifices for which he will receive neither gratitude nor payment. Herr Hitler, on the other hand, who has not given a single rifle without being paid for it beforehand, can count on the absolute devotion of the Spanish military. In the long run the power which a few hundred German technicians now exercise in Nationalist Spain will be much more effective

than that of the Italian divisions which, led by their own Generals, advance as conquerors over the territory of Spain. The "real power" which rests to-day, precariously, in the hands of Mussolini, will slip from his hands into those of Herr Hitler as soon as the chance presents itself: and for this simple reason—that Spanish Fascism in itself is nothing, and has no strength beyond that which Italy herself gives it, while, on the other hand, the Germanophilia of the Spanish Army is a national reality which leaves no room for doubt. To shake off the yoke of Italy and substitute for it a military alliance with German militarism (a dream which the Spanish Army has cherished since 1914) is the one political objective of that Army.

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The trick used to launch the national and conservative forces on the adventure of Fascism is the so-called "Spanish Empire."

Unless Spanish Imperialism is to limit its peninsular aspirations to an administrative centralization which would deprive Catalans and Basques of their autonomy—a mission which is too modest to be called imperial—then there are in the Peninsula only two really imperial objectives: Gibraltar and Portugal.

During the first weeks of the rebellion *Falange Española* flooded the main streets of the captured towns with programmes in which violent claims were made for the immediate restoration to Spain of Gibraltar. Hatred of England was the first manifestation of nascent Spanish imperialism. Later, either the Phalangists thought better of it, or the Burgos Government prohibited this unwise propaganda. In a single day Gibraltar ceased to be a pressing national claim. Totalitarian *régimes* are capable of working such miracles. As an excuse the Fascists say that the moment in which the claim was made was inopportune, but that the Spaniards keep the thorn of Gibraltar in their heart. That is false. Spaniards have never suffered from the fact that Gibraltar is unredeemed, and least of all to-day. Considered as an instrument for domination in the Straits it would help them nothing, however excessive were their aims, and they would not need it. The thorn of Gibraltar will stick in an Italian or a German heart much more certainly than in a Spanish one. But Germans and Italians will never succeed in inoculating the Spanish people with their

Anglophobia, for the Spanish people are convinced that the guns of Gibraltar are neither an humiliation nor a menace for Spain herself.

The other peninsular objective of Imperialism must be Portugal. But anything tending to the hegemony of Spain in the Peninsula, however prudent and friendly the tactics employed, is bound to clash with the brittle and intransigent Portuguese susceptibilities. Suffice it to say that the help given by the Portuguese Government to the Spanish rebels springs not so much from the solidarity of one dictatorial *régime* with another, as from the fear that the Spanish Republic might be swayed to follow the idealism of the old federal Republicans who, in the nineteenth century, dreamed of a democratic federation of all the Iberian peoples. To-day Portugal looks with astonishment on this incongruous imperial tendency of the Spanish counter-revolutionary movement, born under her protection, and, if she has not already withdrawn her *beneplacet* and her support, it is because she cannot believe that this " imperialism " is anything more than an argument in the civil war.

If the imperialist ambitions of Spain had any foundation, then, it would have to be sought in Africa.

But the action of the rebel Army in Morocco is exactly the contrary of an imperial action. The officers of the Spanish Army holding responsible positions in the Moroccan towns are behaving not as functionaries of an imperial power, but as revolutionary agitators, veritable agents of a revolt of Musulman nationalism against European imperialism. This is perhaps the heaviest responsibility which the Spanish military have contracted before the world.

Spanish Governments, both those of the Monarchy and those of the Republic, remained faithful to the civilizing, European mandate which Spain was charged to fulfil in the zone of her Protectorate. The Spanish people know how much blood and money this mission has cost them. The protection which Spain together with France excercises over Morocco has its origin in the necessity of maintaining the warlike Moroccans in a state of submission to the rules of international law which, until they attain a higher degree of culture, they are not capable of respecting for themselves. Against the exercise of this man-

date Musulman nationalism, the enemy of all European imperialism in Africa, has continually tried to rebel. Yet it is to this national Musulman movement that the Spanish military, who claim to give an imperial and civilizing meaning to their rebellion, have allied themselves.

There is a rash belief that the help given to General Franco by the pashas in the zone of the Protectorate, who raise levies of fighters for him, is simply an act of submission to the army of the protectorate nation. It is exactly the opposite. The Moroccan warrior is not fighting for Spain, but against Spain. It is not Spanish nationalism, much less the imperial suggestion of Spain, which leads him to enrol in the ranks of General Franco, but hope in the triumph of his own nationalism which, with sure instinct, he sees in the revolutionary and anti-European action of the Spanish rebels. Never has Spain been so far from all imperial ends. The officer of the Spanish Army, in the eyes of the Moors, is only a revolutionary agitator, the instrument of a campaign of rebellion against the European yoke. This campaign is not even of Spanish inspiration but is supported throughout Islam by Nazi Germany, for whose real imperialism the Spanish Army officers have made themselves freely-serving agents. Such is the gloomy fate of this illusory Spanish " imperialism " : to serve as a vehicle for the genuine imperialism of Germany.

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On the surface the organization of the State in Nationalist Spain is identical with that of any other totalitarian State without there being noticeable a single original trait. There is not a single institution, not a rank, a function or a simple order which is not the literal translation of a German or Italian equivalent. From top to bottom, from the fundamental principles of the *régime* to the behaviour of the lowest *flecha*—read *balilla*—the Spanish State is subject to the totalitarian States which have hatched it. In two years this foreign influence has dominated national characteristics to such an extent that everything which is national, autochthonous, is excluded, at least from official terminology and nomenclature.

It goes without saying that the reality of Spain remains intact beneath this superficial foreign domination. This must

be clearly remembered, because a simple analysis of the system of Government prevailing in Nationalist Spain might lead to the erroneous belief that there is nothing really Spanish in Franco's Spain. What is certain is that in " White " Spain—neither more nor less than in " Red " Spain—there exists , in spite of the betrayal of its leaders, a living people endowed with an indestructible national cohesion. The State machinery imposed by Fascism is, indeed, an orthopædic contrivance of foreign origin, but, imprisoned by it there is a national body of such powerful vitality that it will finally struggle to its feet and walk free from the bands which now torment it.

The instrument of this anti-national policy is the amalgam of two antagonistic forces, *Falange* and Traditionalism, effected by Franco.

Falange Espaüola was, as we have said, nothing more than a movement of anti-national reaction inspired by the German and Italian (and why not add Russian ?) doctrinairism of the totalitarian State. *Falange* was revolution, Fascism, National Socialism, the deification of the State. Traditionalism, on the other hand, was the miraculous survival of Spanish imperialism of the sixteenth century, the blind faith in the providential mission of Spain, the sword of the Catholic Religion. The Traditionalists were the purest reactionary and religious force still surviving in Europe. Their amalgamation with the revolutionary and anti-Christian force, which upholds the totalitarian State, is monstrous. *Falange Española* might easily have been dominated by Traditionalism, but the failure of *Falange* would mean the frustration of Franco's cherished plan to insert Spain in the orbit of the totalitarian Powers from whom he hopes everything and in whose support he has always put more trust than in that of the truly national forces. General Franco has never believed either in Spain or in the Spaniards. He believes in his Moorish " harcas ", in the foreign legion, in the Italians and in the Germans. The hegemony of the Traditionalists and the consequent dissolution of *Falange* would have been the unadulterated triumph of the Spanish counter-revolution, but it would have deprived the Army of the help of the totalitarian Powers which Franco considers indispensable for winning the civil war and laying the foundations of his illusory Spanish Empire.

There are in Nationalist Spain genuine nationalists who believe that the triumph of the counter-revolution might have been brought about more readily through purely national forces than by means of the internationalization of the conflict. If the movement had been purely national, they argue, we should not have had the war material which Germany and Italy have given us, but neither would the Republic. It is possible that in that case the Non-Intervention Committee would have succeeded in effectively neutralizing the help given by Russia.

But neither Hitler nor Mussolini would have made the smallest sacrifice for the triumph of the Spanish counter-revolution, if the first condition imposed had been the limitation of the movement to the purely national plane. In order to render the totalitarian Powers the service which they claim as the price of their assistance General Franco has been obliged to denaturalize the Spanish counter-revloutionary movement, artificially supporting Phalangism and removing Traditionalism from its national and Catholic sphere.

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General Franco, apart from being Head of the State, is Head of the Government, Generalissimo of the Forces of Land, Sea and Air, and National Leader of *Falange*. The Conde de Jordana, Vice-President of the Grand Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, both by family tradition and by personal preference, is exactly the contrary of what one must expect in the visionary executor of that revolutionary will which has flung itself desperately into the task of destroying Spain as a nation with the mad scheme of reconstructing it on an imperial base. If he, personally, stands for anything it is the continuation of a prudent foreign policy carried on first by the Monarchy and then by the Republic, against which Franco and his megalomaniac Phalangists rose up in fury. More specifically, in matters touching the Moroccan Protectorate the Conde de Jordana is the man who has devoted himself to create and sustaining all that Franco now aims at destroying, *i.e.*, the community of interests and the perfect accord between Spain and France for the solution of the problems of the Protectorate. But in spite of the Conde de Jordana's presence in the Government no one can question that the policy of the new Spanish State in

Morocco is precisely the opposite, namely to break all solidarity of interests with France, and to bring up again in an aggravated form the problems which until now had been settled in mutual agreement.

The same contradiction which exists between the personality of the effective Head of the Government and the policy recommended to him is repeated in all the principal ministerial departments. For example: the Ministry of the Interior is held by Señor Serrano Suñer, a representative figure of *Falange Española*. Franco has entrusted him with this Ministry so that, thus invested, he may preach from North to South the creed of the national-syndicalist revolution. And so in Nationalist Spain the Minister of the Interior is at the same time tribune of the Plebs. Good: but General Franco has taken care previously to divest him of the control of the police forces. Señor Serrano Suñer vociferates his revolutionary nonsense, but the conservative and reactionary forces of the country listen without being too greatly scandalized, for they know that the *guardias* (the gendarmes), the real foundation of the police State being created in Spain, do not obey him, are not under his orders or under the orders of *Falange Española*, and are not at the disposal of the pseudo-revolutionary demagogics which he proclaims.

The guards are under the orders of General Martinez Anido, the oldest and most loyal servant of the Spanish reactionaries, for whom there has been created a Ministry in which all the forces of public order are concentrated. And General Martinez Anido, personally, is the bitterest enemy that *Falange* has.

When, after penetrating the artifice of the Fascist institutions servilely copied from Italy or Germany one reaches the ministry of Public Order and finds there General Martinez Anido, one has the clear impression of having approached the true "real power" of Nationalist Spain. All the rest is empty rhetoric, pure affectation. The essential Spain is there.

It is difficult to define the mission of this indisputable "real power"; to know exactly for whom this force is working, now nothing but a force of public order, and the sole reliable element. For Spain itself? It is possible that even General Martinez Anido believes that. General Franco knows that it is not so; that this force is not working for Spain.

The Powers which protect the "Nationalist" *régime* have a certain right to expect that the true force of Spain is working for them, for the nascent imperialism of the totalitarian countries, Germany and Italy. In so far as Italy is concerned it will not be easy for Signor Mussolini to keep his illusions for long. The hopes of Italy in Spain will last as long as the war. As for Germany, the unknown factors make the problem more difficult to solve.

The military rising, the civil war and the possible triumph of the new State would certainly serve to promote the imperialist designs of Germany and no one else—if there were not certain essential impediments which may frustrate this destined course—the destined course of General Franco, whatever illusions the philo-Fascists of France and England may weave for themselves.

When we observe closely the "real power" of Nationalist Spain, *i.e.*, the forces of public order, the first thing which emerges is the German influence, the undeniable action of the Gestapo. Without giving credit to the stupid and improbable pamphlets produced by Communist propaganda, we can, nevertheless, affirm that the German agents under the pretext of organising the fight against the Third International in Spain, have gained control of the Spanish police services. In this aspect Spain can be considered to-day as a German colony.

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One of the strongest, perhaps *the* strongest, is the anti-Christian feeling of the Third Reich which grows more accentuated every day. Catholicism is perhaps the only thing that can divert the Spaniards from the trajectory of German imperialism. If Hitler joins battle with the Vatican his manœuvres in Spain will inevitably fail.

Another obstacle which might prove insuperable for German influence would be precisely the propagation of national-socialist theories in Spain. If the Spanish Germanophiles came to know exactly the real nature of the Hitler *régime* their Germanophilia would be decidedly less enthusiastic. But German policy in Spain is extremely prudent. Herr Hitler will not make the mistake of trying to Nazify the Spaniards. Personally, I may say that some time ago, before the war, answering a question which I had put on the possible influence of German Nazism

in Spain, Dr. Goebels replied with the literal statement that national-socialism was not an article for export. No ; Germany will not alienate the good will of Spaniards by an attempt at nazification which would be absurd : we may even suspect that the excessive zeal with which the Spanish Germanophiles set themselves to copy the Third Reich is considered in Berlin as pernicious. It is enough for Germany to keep discreetly in her hands the control of the " real power " which we have pointed out. The liturgy and the rest is for the Italians.

Such is the mechanism of the new State. This is the reason why the two essential ministries of the Burgos Government, the one controlling foreign relations and the one controlling internal order, have not been given into the hands of Phalangists. But what has really been left to the Phalangists ?

The executors whom Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera himself appointed, some hours before he was shot in Alicante, to take over the direction of the Phalangist movement on his death, are Serrano Suñer and Fernandez Cuesta. We have seen under what conditions Señor Serrano Suñer holds the Ministry of the Interior. The other testamentary executor of Primo de Rivera, Señor Fernandez Cuesta, is now Secretary General of the party, and holds the portfolio of Agriculture, in which department he has been allowed to carry out a furious and meritorious campaign of reforestation. The real revolution in the country-side is that which the propagandists of General Franco carry out by means of the " political education " of the peasant.

So that Phalangism may fulfil its revolutionary mission from the Government itself, there has been created a Ministry called Syndical Organization at the head of which there is also one of the most representative figures of *Falange*, Señor Gonzalez Bueno, who is the man personally expected to make the national-syndicalist revolution by means of decrees. His mission is to put into practice the doctrine of the corporative State which Signor Mussolini himself has not yet succeeded in getting beyond paper! It is a question of organizing the country on a basis of the so-called vertical syndicates which are to be the backbone of the *régime*. His task is arduous, and, as is logical, although Señor Gonzalez Bueno has been proceeding at great speed to decree his already innumerable decrees, these have not yet

reached the core of the economic and social life of Spain—which stays unchanged. In this social aspect the great production of the new state is the " Charter of Labour ", a painstaking digest of all the current sociological nonsense, on the basis of statements as little compromising as that " the land ought to be for those who work it " and that " work ennobles ".

These Ministries of Agriculture and Syndical Organization are the ones left in the hands of the genuine Phalangists. In order to carry out " their " revolution, the lads of *Falange* have enough with these two portfolios. Such is the opinion of the respectable bourgeois elements.

The other ministries are all in the hands of old Monarchist politicians, and military or submissive " experts " who really govern the country. Of course they are all subject to the Party, but it cannot be said that any one of them has ever distinguished himself for what in Nationalist Spain is called " the spirit of *Falange*". Their mental reservations concerning Phalangist barbarism do not, however, prevent them using Phalangism as an instrument of Government. Thus, for example, the Ministry of Justice is presided over by an old traditionalist *monarquico*, the Conde de Rodezno, whose *ilusión* is to become Grand Inquisitor of Spain. For this man, first and foremost a Catholic, a sincere and fervent believer, the Phalangists who sow terror throughout Spain merit no more moral consideration than did the myrmidons of the Holy Office in the sixteenth century. Under his inspiration Spanish justice has become a Tribunal of the Faith, and scarcely is a town or village conquered when it instals itself and begins implacably the rooting out of heretics. Behind the victorious army go hundreds of university graduates and masters of arts, submissive and hungry *clercs* recruited from the incapable and the failures of all the academic professions, who through the mere fact of having passed through the sieve of *Falange* become officers of the Juridical Corps to which the justice of General Franco is entrusted. *Falange Española*, with anonymous denunciations, personal vengeances, the bad faith of the resentful and the hatred of those who have suffered the consequences of the Red terror and of two years of civil war, has compiled a monstrous file in which to-day more than a million Spaniards figure, the immense majority of them condemned

to death beforehand. This penal code, which instead of articles has a million personal chits drawn up by the Phalangists, is the foundation of that justice.

Nothing of this would be extraordinary or merit more scandalized condemnation than merit in the civilized world the class-justice or caste-justice practised in Berlin or Moscow, if in Spain there were not also an absolute lack of connection between the motive power of the State and that of the apparatus of repression, *i.e.*, between the judge and the executioner. When Hitler gives a man to the executioner's axe that man at least knows the ultimate reason for his sacrifice : Great Germany. But the victims of *Falange* are slaughtered without anyone being able to tell, so far, why or wherefore. The Phalangists would say that they kill for the triumph of the national-syndicalist revolution. The man who is at the head of the system of Justice, who neither believes in this revolution nor can accept it, would say that he orders these executions in defence of the traditional Catholic faith. As if these two terms, revolution and tradition, Catholicism and Nationalism (" exaggerated " as the Pope says, or " deified ") were not absolutely antithetical!

Therefore when the Barcelona Government makes the bland accusation that the Italians or the Germans are settling in Spanish territory, General Franco smiles and solemnly promises that he will never consent to the smallest mortgage on the soil of Spain, its economic life, its protectorate colonies. Of course he will never consent! For nobody has ever intended to mortgage any of these things! It is not a question of mutilating Spain by taking any portion of territory, of attacking her economy or robbing her of colonies and protectorates. Rather the contrary is true ; it is a question of Spain being strong. The stronger she is, the more effectively can she serve the destiny which the Leader will impose on her. And that destiny is none other than to dedicate her entirely to the imperialist adventure of the totalitarian countries which aim at winning the hegemony of Europe and of the world.

The mortgage of Germany and Italy is not on a few mines or islands. That would be a ruinous business. Their mortgage is on the future of a whole people condemned to fight tomorrow against their natural allies. That is Franco's work. The only reason for his existence.

THE GREAT UNPREPARED

By L. E. O. Charlton

HOW true it is that the people of this country dislike hypothesis, and are utterly incapable of facing up to a hypothetical situation! The history of our wars is alone proof of the fact. We enter into them when we must, but utterly unprepared and only by grace of our national aptitudes, resiliency and tenacity of purpose, do we worry through to a successful conclusion. It costs us more, both in lives and treasure, but there is no escape, apparently, from payment of this extra price for the simple reason that we are born as we are and cannot make ourselves over. Very much in the same tradition is the national attitude towards the subject of air raid precautions. In this particular case the general apathy of those millions for whom protection is being devised is even more perplexing than our constant unpreparedness for war. The preparation of our fighting forces for their trial by battle is in the hands of a professional few who are supposed to build upon experience. It is a technical process which eludes the public eye, so that the citizen can only trust that all is well and need concern himself no further. But this matter of air raid precautions comes right to his door, spelling for him, as it is fondly to be hoped, a reasonable security against the blasting of his life asunder. And yet he remains apathetic! About war there is a familiarity, alas!—and in any case it takes place out of sight. It moves along on massive wheels in slow and ordered progress, with hope and fear intermixed. When the battles lull there are intervals for taking stock, and always there are more men to be thrown into the fight. That which is out of sight can be put, momentarily, out of mind, and so it is quite understandable that the home front should stand firm to cheer on the combatants. None of this applies to warfare from the air. It is so unfamiliar that, in spite of all evidence to the

contrary, it still remains incredible. It comes in a succession of lightning strokes, and it can never wholly fail of its purpose, for even the bomber which is brought down as its pilot turns for home can have left destruction in its wake, and the devastation which is wrought is there for all to see and touch and feel. Knowing this, it is a lamentable truth that the vast majority of the populace care nothing.

Here is a case in point! One would think that the population of a seaport town like Dover, with a very vivid recollection of the air raids which it underwent in the Great War, and scarcely likely to be entirely overlooked on the next occasion, might betray interest in their own precautions scheme. In Dover a gas-mask station has been established, and all have been entreated to spare the few mintues necessary for a trial and fitting. The total population is over 40,000. Less than 5 per cent. have availed themselves of the opportunity. And this is probably representative of the apathy of the country at large. Who is to blame for this regrettable state of affairs? The responsibility, of course, is a governmental one, but the argument cannot end there. One hears on all sides such puerile statements, even from educated people, as that he, or she, for one would not think of putting on a mask. It were better, they say, to be killed outright, and be done with, than to admit by action that civilization has become a mockery. They set a bad example, these, for they are selfishly unthinking of the principle of the common weal. Such example spreads like the ripples on a pond, and the hearsay effect produced from mouth to mouth merely reinforces the apathetic state of most. The fact is that if people won't accept salvation they must be saved against themselves. In a very special sense they are front-line soldiers, not the men only, but those of every age, sex and condition, and they who have it in their power to assist authority, and yet refrain, are no better than those who turn their backs to a threatened danger in the field.

The reason for this contention is obvious. If we are forced to go to war it is imperative that we should fight it on to victory. There is too much manhood in us yet for any weaker sentiment than that. But victory cannot be looked for elsewhere if there is a defeated populace at home, for the pressure to end the war

at any cost, by all means, would by then be irresistible. It will be recalled that in the Great War, on more than one occasion, air force units were brought back from France, against the vain protest of the Commander-in-Chief in the field, and stationed nearby London for its air defence because the toll of air raid victims overnight had caused a popular outcry. This showed how sensitive was a Government to civilian reaction to the roll of casualties. On the next occasion, with each and every air raid incident multiplied by x, and the frequency increased accordingly, it will be a main anxiety of those who wield the power to keep in check the defeatist impulse of sections of the people. A chief means of doing so will be to assure them of reasonable protection, and this, in the light of the present indifference to precautions, can only, seemingly, be brought about by recourse to methods verging on the arbitrary. It might be as well to remember at this point that the main preoccupation of those in governmental authority will be to get on with the war, and that, however regrettable a severe civilian casualty list might be, it would be regarded with the complacency of a huge loss of life on the field of battle, provided only that it did not involve the ruin of the cause at stake. If the people are in opposition to the further prosecution of the war, then hostilities eventually must cease, just as a total loss of fighting spirit in a beaten army will ensure its withdrawal from the line. There is only one certain way by which the home front could collapse, and that will be when the people have had enough of air bombardment and have become bereft of a further will to endure. Coldbloodedly put, air raid precautions are for the sole purpose of postponing that evil moment until the enemy's own collapse puts a period to the anxiety.

In such a sense are the people, men, women and children, front-line soldiers, for civilian morale can be affected in endless ways, and the spectacle of a school become a charnel-house, or of many homes without a mother, can operate as effectually to cow the spirit of resistance as can the wholesale slaughter of the fighting man. All are patriots at the start of any war, for the department of propaganda will see to that, if love of country does not. It is impossible for any to escape that release of pent-up enthusiasm which floods the nation once the die is cast,

and which communicates itself from fellow to fellow as a forest fire spreads. It was so on the last occasion, and it will be the same on the next, and it is therefore all the more incumbent on the individual to prepare himself beforehand for the day.

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It has to be admitted that the Government are largely to blame for failing to arouse the citizen to a sense of duty in this matter. The first steps taken were long overdue, and insufficient space was taken up in the press for a proper advertisement of the necessity. The various handbooks were on sale instead of being a free issue, and the language they contained often lacked illumination. It was a halting progress, parsimoniously supported, and the long, undignified squabble over the apportionment of expense further deadened the affair. It was 'put over' badly from the first, and the attempt to enlist co-operation from the public in terms of long-handled spades and buckets, of pulped newspaper for crevices and cracks, and of that designated 'gas-proof' room in every humble home, had, generally speaking, no effect whatever. Lecturers, for the most part, were discouraged by a poor attendance, and the audiences were frequently composed of females who had drifted in from a mere motive of curiosity. The danger from gas was first insisted on, and then, owing to events in Spain where gas was not in use, there was a switch to high-explosive as the deadlier agent of destruction Above all, there was a tendency to conceal the truth, or, better said perhaps, to refrain from letting the worst be known. The handbooks, admittedly, were quite clear on some of the salient points, even to an alarming extent, but the worker did not buy them and remained in blissful ignorance. On the whole the impression conveyed by the official publications, and by the measures adopted, was of a responsible party performing a duty perfunctorily and then washing his hands of the matter. Only recently, the Home Secretary issued a clarion call for volunteers in their tens of thousands to enrol their names, and the response was gratifying while his ringing tones echoed in the nation's ears. But the enthusiasm ebbed away long before his demand was satisfied, and since then, it is understood, there has been little further enrolment. If the interest of people is to be aroused, even for the sake of safety from a danger which can

only be forseen, there must be evidences of activity on every side. They can see searchlights and anti-aircraft guns and fighter aircraft and balloons, and if they live somewhat off the beaten track of such exciting things they can see them illustrated in their picture papers. For such objects are 'news', and the press takes care of the publicity with regard to them. But there are few evidences of air raid precautions to be seen anywhere. Decontaminating squads at work have certainly been pictured now and then, as also ambulance workers wearing gas-masks, more especially nurses, whose sex, supposedly, lends interest to the theme. Even this form of publicity, however, has died down of late, and air raid precautions are not otherwise highly capable of illustration. Bomb-proof shelters for the multitude are never shown because none exist as yet, and a practice issue of gas-masks on a large scale has not been depicted because such an event has never taken place. It is these tokens of evidence which are so completely lacking for the education of the people at large in the seriousness of the situation which may confront them one day soon. Looking on them they will realize that they are closely affected and their interest will be stirred, but at present not six in a hundred know anything about the matter, and half of that proportion do not care.

If Government, and the officials charged with the organization of A.R.P., do not disclose anxiety on the score of public apathy, the same cannot be said of certain writers who have chosen to study the question and give their reasoning in book form. Two volumes in particular have lately appeared from the pen of experts on the problems which are involved. The one is *Air Raid* by John Langdon-Davies, and the other *A.R.P.* by J. B. S. Haldane. Both have had considerable first-hand experience in Spain and both have observed acutely the reactions and behaviour of the civil population under air bombardment. Yet they are in serious disagreement as to the panacea for the ill—in spite of having many points in common. Mr. Langdon-Davies, though not on the spot at the time, made a close study very soon after of the intensive raids on Barcelona in mid-March of this year, wherein there was great loss of life and enormous material damage. The hostile bombers, flying over sea from Majorca, adopted in this instance a new technique of approach by gliding

in silently from their ceiling height, dropping their bombs, and, in most cases, turning for home before their presence was discovered. As a result the warning sirens sounded after the actual danger had passed, and the people, driven to cover where shelters were available, sat cowering and crowded until the 'all clear' went. This process was repeated thirteen times with varying intervals between, and an analysis of the forty-odd hours thus spent revealed that the populace underwent thirteen two-minute periods of fear and danger, while the bombs were dropping; nine hours of fear, without danger, while they sheltered; and thirty and a half hours of growing suspense, with a catastrophic culmination, as they pursued life aboveground between the 'all clears' and the ensuing belated warning. From the evidence freely put at his disposal by the *Junta de Defensa Passiva de Catalunya* he came to the conclusion that the mental life of a million and a half people had been practically destroyed while the raids continued, their minds being completely possessed by nameless dread. This, of course, was attributable to panic, in the scientific application of that word, and he further concluded that a resistance to panic could be better set up by purposeful and useful occupation during the periods of danger and fear, rather than by sitting or standing idly in the spaces underground. Otherwise, he claims, stagnation will set in, both of mind and body, and as the raids continue so will the life of a city gradually cease until, like a watch unwound, it beats no longer. It should be noted that neither gas nor incendiary bombs were dropped to add horror to the visitations he describes.

In consequence of the study which he made the writer favours two chief measures having for their object the reconstruction of social life in a form capable of neutralizing attack, both of which would have a peace-time value. The one is evacuation of the non-essential population to previously prepared camps. The other would be the excavation of subterranean highways beneath a city, linked to the underground railway system, which would maintain its life and movement, and out of which would grow a system of storage and shelter which would have none of the physical and psychological disadvantages of the deep-dug bolt hole. The whole object of these measures is to let the life of the community flow on, even though in much restricted form,

rather than to let it cease and hazardously recommence, like an intermittent pulse, at the sole will of the bomber. It is a brave counsel and will well bear close examination.

In *A.R.P.*, however, Professor Haldane goes to an opposite extreme. On the point of evacuation both books are in agreement, school-children being given priority, while the mother with babies, the old and the infirm, form the second wave of exodus. But a complete scheme to afford safety from bombs is the main proposal of this second book—costing about £400,000,000, and falling into two parts. The first, immediate part is the construction of large temporary trench systems in all available open spaces, and includes as well the taking over for shelter purposes of steel frame buildings, vaults and strong rooms. The second half of the plan, to occupy about two years, is to provide gas and bomb-proof shelter, by tunnelling where necessary or convenient, for the entire population of our large cities, and to this a scheme for a large national food reserve is a natural corollary.

These are brave schemes both, and they put to shame the governmental spade and bucket, the paper pulp, and the gas-proof room at home. It must be confessed, however, that the former is the more attractive. It is more agreeable to envisage movement on those subterranean highways, with the bombers overhead, than to imagine a stagnant, waiting crowd sitting knee to knee in silent expectancy of what they will discover when they go atop. There will surely be hysteria in those bomb-proof shelters from those many who are subject to a claustrophobic tendency. How long will they have to stay there? Will they go down voluntarily in expectation of a raid, and will they emerge at the bidding of the 'all clear' after having been fooled by it once or twice? For if the period of warning is only about ten minutes, the population can be endlessly kept on stretch by raid on raid in irregular repetition. If so, the life of that city will grow dim and morbid growth will appear on the face of the community as the unwholesome and unnatural periods go by. Evacuation is a prime necessity. The machinery must be in thorough working order all the time, and kept well oiled. The order to evacuate must not come too late, when, possibly, the traffic system in places has been already disjointed

by a bomb attack. The school organization is even now in existence to evacuate the children, who can look upon it as an outing. What of the grown-ups, and the essential adults, who needs must stay behind? They may require convenient pop-holes before they reach their place of work and the greater safety there, but they would not choose to consume long hours in a dug-out in the London clay, sixty foot underground, with always the haunting dread that the exits might be blocked by demolition or the power-house supply of light or ventilation be cut off.

Both these books have had a wide diffusion and will have wider. They will penetrate in time to many homes which have never seen an Air Raid Handbook. They will provoke discussion, for they are written in a language which all may understand by men whose names are known. In that way they may do much good, and serve in part to waken the ordinary person from the apathy with which the subject is regarded. The point to bear in mind is that, whatever may happen to it afterwards, the bomber that has effectively dropped its bombs has scored its hit below. By no method of active defence can this be prevented for most of the bombers will always get through. Therefore a well-devised system of air raid precautions is an absolute necessity, and this without the citizen's co-operation is quite impossible unless the country is to be regimented in a fascist discipline. Citizen, wake-up!

SIGMUND FREUD

By William McDougall

THE world, or the part of it that matters, has vaguely recognized the greatness of Sigmund Freud; without understanding or estimating his achievement, it is obscurely aware that he has profoundly influenced the intellectual climate of Europe and America. It would never think of ranking him among the glorious young men who from time to time transform the physicist's conception of the universe by bombarding some ultra-microscopic particle with a glorified pea-shooter; and it would be puzzled, not to say shocked, if the award of a Nobel prize to him should seem to suggest that he ranks with Mr. Sinclair Lewis as an illuminator of the depths of human nature. Has not Freud's teaching filtered down into the language of literature, of the public forum and of the street? Do we not all say 'sadism' where a generation ago we would have said 'cruelty', 'narcissism' instead of 'egotism'? Do we not talk glibly of the Unconscious, of the incestuous fixations of our infants, of sexual symbols, and of our complexes? Have we not all become a little cautious about relating our dreams in public? Do we not recognize that defiance of parents is not only the right but also the duty of every young person? Do we not all know the dangers of repression and recognize the obligation to fullest self-expression? (Perhaps the only civilized persons who are quite immune from these and other popularizations of Freudian teaching are the Behaviorists of America; for these, strong in their knowledge that man is but a bundle of mechanical reflexes, dismiss with contempt all superstitions which imply the ancient delusion that man is a conscious being).

Freud, in short, has made a considerable impression on contemporary culture, a greater impression than any other man now living, with the possible exception of Einstein; a

fact in which his fellow-Jews may well find some consolation amid the present accentuation of their troubles in various quarters.

The address signed by some two hundred persons well known as writers, teachers, artists, etc., on the occasion of his eightieth birthday.* testifies that Freud

> " has made eminent contributions to medicine, psychology, philosophy and art and has been for two generations the pioneer and leader in exploring the hitherto unknown regions of the mind . . . The ideas he formulated and the terms he coined have become part of our daily life, and in every field of knowledge, in literature, in art, research, history of religion, prehistory, mythology, folklore, pedagogy, and, last but not least, in poetry we can trace his influence. The most memorable achievement of our generation will be, beyond doubt, the psychological achievement of Sigmund Freud ".

This is a very high estimate of Freud's achievement; but it is by no means universally accepted. The pansexualism of his teaching, and especially his insistence that the sex-instinct is very active in all infants, with his attribution to such activities of immense influence upon all the development of individuals and all the evolution of culture, all this extreme exploitation of sex provoked in the early years of this century many shocked protests. Such protests are no longer heard; for, thanks largely to Freud's influence, we have all become shock-proof; and their total effect, no doubt, has been to hasten the popularization of Freudian doctrines. But still there is by no means unanimity among those circles who must be presumed best qualified by the nature of their life-long studies to form an opinion on the truth and value of Freud's teaching. A number of his most eminent disciples have broken away from him to set up rival schools of medical psychology; and, although much of present-day psychiatrical writing shews larger or smaller traces of his influence, only a small proportion of the physicians concerned with nervous and mental disorders can be said to have accepted the main substance of his methods and conclusions. Among the ethnologists and sociologists, his speculations about primitive men and societies find little acceptance; though not a few have hopefully attempted to reconcile them with the known facts, or to use them as guides to interpretation. While

*The full list of signatures has not, I think, been published, but the moving spirits would seem to have been Thomas Mann, Romain Rolland, Jules Romains, H. G. Wells, Virginia Woolf and Stefan Zweig.

among professional psychologists the verdict is even less favourable, there are the few believers; the few who, like myself, repudiate a very large proportion of Freud's hypotheses, while recognizing that he has made a contribution of great value; and the many who remain indifferent, or hostile and contemptuous. The attitude of the majority is well expressed in a recent volume by one of the leaders of psychology in America, Professor Knight Dunlap. In a text-book of General Psychology of five hundred pages he gives just one page to the Freudian and allied schools; and that one page is utterly contemptuous.

How, then, where the learned disagree so widely, is the general public to form its estimate? For certainly, in this matter, the public cannot hope to judge for itself. Even the two hundred celebrities are, it must be supposed, expressing in the main a kindly impulse stirred to action by the anti-semitic excesses of the present day, rather than a considered judgment based on knowledge and life-long study of the wide and very difficult fields of science to which Freud offers his contributions.

Can we reasonably hope to anticipate the verdict of history without danger of going wildly astray? It was said a few years ago that only seven men then living were able critically to appreciate the contribution of Einstein: and a very similar estimate may be made of the number qualified to appreciate and estimate the contribution of Freud.

Let us imagine a debate between a disciple, D, and a contemner, C. "Freud has created a new science, the science of the mind", says D. "No," says C, "that is a quite unfounded claim, one which Freud himself would not seriously defend, one which is put forward only by a few of his medical disciples who lack education, background and perspective; they are merely illustrating once more the liability of medical men to fall victims to sectarian enthusiasm for various fads and nostrums, and absurd theories". "But", says D, "two hundred celebrities have certified that Freud's achievement is the most memorable of our generation, and you can't presume to question a verdict backed by such a list of names". To which C replies: "The two hundred self-appointed jury-men seem to be, mostly if not all of them, writers of fiction; and

here we are concerned not with fiction but with a question of truth. We are not disposed to deny Freud a high rank among writers of fiction. Mr. Wells may be a great prophet, but the best of prophets may go wrong. And, even if it be claimed that Mr. Wells knows everything, we may still question whether he has ever succeeded in expressing a sound judgment or opinion on any problem of human values". "Well", says D, "you can't deny that Freud has given us a wonderful sketch of the genesis of human culture showing how it all, religion, art, science, agriculture, and everything else, is consistently explained by his Theory of the Unconscious. And is not consistency here our only criterion?"

"Yes", replies C, "Freud's culture-theory has a certain grandiose consistency and a core of truth; namely, he proceeds on a true assumption, one grievously neglected by most of the writers in this field, the truth namely that all human activities have been prompted and sustained and shaped by the instinctive tendencies of the human species, tendencies that have altered but little, if at all, since the species assumed the human form and became entitled to the name of Man. But in respect of all particulars Freud's speculations are fanciful and fantastic, and in many respects unclear, where not manifestly untenable in the light of what sure knowledge we have. Freud is an armchair anthropologist of the most pronounced kind. He has never seen a savage in his habitat. His acquaintance with primitive folk and culture has been acquired almost wholly by dipping into the vast compilations of Sir J. G. Frazer, which themselves represent only second-hand or third-hand acquaintance with the facts, and which, where they are not purely compilations, are apt to be very wide of the mark. No one who has spent a year or two in intimate contact with peoples of the simpler cultures could swallow the Freudian fictions about such people".

In face of such acute and continuing diversity of opinion and of such resolute sceptics, those of us who, without reckoning ourselves disciples of Freud and devotees of his cult, nevertheless esteem highly his achievement are driven back on our individual judgment. Twelve years ago I published the statement that in my view Freud had done more than any other man since Aristotle to advance our understanding of human nature;

and although I have more recently published further trenchant criticisms of Freud's theories, I stand by that estimate. I may try to say briefly just why I do so, and just what in my opinion is the indisputable minimum of Freud's contribution. I hold, indeed, that a very large part of Freud's great mass of speculation is erroneous, and especially almost all that he has said about primitive man and society and the evolution of culture. And I hold that a further very large part of his teaching is highly questionable, containing in all probability much error intimately blended with some core of truth. Nevertheless, Freud has made a positive contribution of solid and enduring and indisputable value; namely, he has shown and been the first to show that conflict and repression and the continuing activities of repressed tendencies play a vast *rôle* in human life, not only in the genesis of manifest disorders, but also in shaping the actions, thoughts and feelings of men in the course of normal life. This in itself is a sufficient title to enduring fame.

On two further but subordinate counts Freud's service to the cause of enlightenment have been very considerable. First, he has intuitively adopted the general conception of human activity which, in the light of all the history of thought, seems to be the only true and fruitful one, namely, that all man's higher modes of activity are developments from a dynamic basis of native tendencies which he has in common with the brutes and which never cease to operate as the energizing sources of all thought and all action.

Secondly, not only has he adopted this fruitful way of thinking of man's activities, he has also used it so skilfully and with such telling effect, both in his own special line of diagnosis and treatment of disorder and in his wider speculations, that he has led a vast number of people to think of human problems in the same fashion. And this last achievement is no small one; for it required the overcoming of an ancient prejudice deeply rooted in popular thought and forms of speech as well as in the traditions of the learned, of the philosophers and academic psychologists and the practitioners of psychiatry.

And, in estimating Freud's achievement, we must bear in mind that it owes little or nothing to the general advance of

knowledge and of scientific method. The many great strides of the physical sciences made at increasing rate during the modern period have been due in very large measure to immense improvements of technique, to new instruments, such as the spectroscope and the X-ray, and to great improvements of old ones, as in the modern microscope and telescope. Whereas Freud's discoveries have not been facilitated by any similar improvements of technique. It is almost true to say that they might have been made equally well at any time during the last two thousand years; that the truths he has revealed have been laying about us on every hand, waiting to be picked up as soon as a sufficiently penetrating intellect should be turned toward them.

No matter how many and how great the errors which Freud's freely ranging speculation may have embroidered upon his effective core of doctrine, in the main true and in part newly created by himself, his fame as a great original thinker in the most difficult of all the fields of science will remain secure. He will stand out in the history of intellectual endeavour as one of the few men who have positively advanced and extended our understanding of human nature.

The self-revelations of his autobiography (published in 1935) are entirely consistent with the personal impression of Freud which one may derive from his other works. A highly intelligent young Jew grows up from the age of four years in Vienna, enjoying apparently a normal family life with good middle-class parents. Significant, in view of his recent enforced migration to London, is his stubborn defiant pride in his Jewishness.

> " When, in 1873, I first joined the University (at the early age of seventeen years) I experienced some appreciable disappointments. Above all, I found that I was expected to feel myself inferior and an alien because I was a Jew. I refused absolutely to do the first of these things. [Note the implication that he did feel himself an alien] I have never been able to see why I should feel ashamed of my descent or, as people were beginning to say, of my race. I put up, without much regret, with my non-acceptance into the community ; for it seemed to me that in spite of this exclusion an active fellow-worker could not fail to find some nook or cranny in the framework of humanity ".

Surely a respectable and honourable attitude, one which he has maintained throughout his long life.

And he goes on :

> " These first impressions at the University, however, had one consequence which was afterwards to prove important ; for at an early age I was made familiar with the fate of being in opposition and of being put under the ban of the ' compact majority '. The foundations were thus laid for a certain degree of independence of judgment ".

The effect, it would seem, went further. For Freud has consistently displayed, not only independence of judgment of the high degree essential for productive research, more essential perhaps in his field than in any other, but also a certain intolerance of criticism and of differences of opinion among his colleagues and disciples, a great lack of hospitality towards the views of other workers in the same and allied fields, an almost contemptuous indifference towards the conclusions of the many great intellects which all down the ages have striven to throw light on the nature of mind, on the constitution and workings of human nature. This excessive independence appears clearly all through his writings ; and it is reflected in the works of his numerous disciples, very many of whom have adopted his own contemptuous attitude towards all other psychologists and philosophers, predecessors and contemporaries alike, asserting or implying that psychology began with Freud, or, at least, that this is true of what they are pleased to call ' scientific psychology ' or ' modern psychology '.

This extreme independence of judgment, this extreme self-confidence and what Freud himself calls " powers of resistance ", all of which was perhaps a necessary condition of his success, though stimulated by his early struggle against anti-semitic prejudices, was further accentuated and confirmed by his early experiences in the therapeutic use of hypnotic suggestion. Freud became interested in this use during a period of study as a young physician at the Salpêtrière, the Paris hospital where at that time (1885) Charcot was making his sensational demonstrations of hypnotic phenomena ; an interest which was confirmed and extended in 1889 by a visit to the rival school of hypnotic practice at Nancy, and by his association with Dr. Breuer of Vienna, who also had made some effective use of hypnosis in a few cases of hysterical disorder. For Freud, deeply interested in these hypnotic procedures, not only as therapeutic aids, but still more as throwing light upon the nature and genesis of neurotic troubles,

attempted to demonstrate their value to the medical world of Vienna and was met with that resolute scepticism which has made the history of hypnosis a scandal and a lasting reproach to the medical profession in all countries of our Western civilization. Freud tells us that, even at that early date, he " was able to laugh at the lack of comprehension " which such criticism showed. Turning away from all the fashionable methods of treatment of functional disorders (largely electrical) as having " no more relation to reality than some Egyptian dream-book ", Freud cut himself off from his colleagues, deliberately choosing to strike out alone on what he was convinced was a fruitful line of research : " I found myself forced into the Opposition. . . . I withdrew from academic life and ceased to attend the learned societies ". From that time Freud's only collaborators have been his disciples, men who have been content to subordinate themselves to him, to defer to his judgment, to accept his system, to follow in his footsteps. At an early date he instituted a weekly gathering of those who wished to learn from him, an institution which has, I believe, been continued, without serious interruption almost to the present time. At a later date (1908), having adopted the name *psycho-analysis* for the " new and deeper science of the mind " which he claimed to have founded, Freud instituted an international association with a biennial Congress and a *Jahrbuch* ; and, as he says, psycho-analysis " became the subject of a large number of written comments as well as of lively discussions at scientific congresses ". He adds : " But its reception was nowhere friendly or even benevolently impartial. After the briefest acquaintance with psycho-analysis German science was united in rejecting it ".

The antagonism provoked by psycho-analysis was by no means confined to Germany ; and too often it was manifested in attempts to ridicule the whole movement, or to kill it with expressions of moral indignation, attempts made by men who had neither appreciated Freud's real and great contributions to our understanding of the neuroses and of mental life in general, nor indeed had understood in the most general way the essential features of Freud's teaching.

That all this opposition, combined with an attitude of complete

docility and indeed of uncritical adulation on the part of a certain number of disciples, should have increased Freud's natural independence and made him self-confident to the point of indifference to other schools of thought, and even a little contemptuous and arrogant and intolerant of criticism, was perhaps inevitable. It may even be that only by such extreme reaction could Freud have continued to make head against a world in arms. We must regard his defiant intolerance as a defect of his most essential quality.

We have seen how Freud reacted to the criticisms of his medical colleagues by turning his back upon them. The story of his reaction to Professor Pierre Janet is instructive. Freud writes that "historically psycho-analysis is completely independent of Janet's discoveries, just as in its content it diverges from them and goes far beyond them". The second half of this sentence is strictly true; but it is not easy for those who know something of the history of psycho-therapy to accept the former half.

In Janet's earlier writings his explanations of mental function and disorder are rendered almost entirely in terms of the principles of association and dissociation. Freud claims, with abundant justification, to have introduced into psycho-pathology all-important dynamic principles (conspicuous by their absence from Janet's doctrine), especially the principles of conflict and repression. But he has also completely neglected, from that day to this, to recognize or make any effective application of the very important and useful principle of dissociation, the key-note of all Janet's explanations. Surely, Freud of all men should not fail to see the significance of these facts, and, understanding, to correct them!

Again, several of Freud's former disciples, notably C. G. Jung, Stebuel, and Alfred Adler (and, more recently, Otto Rank, also) have diverged widely from him, and have even ventured to criticize his teaching in fundamental respects. Again Freud's reaction was to turn his back upon these renegades. And even now he imputes to them motives other than a desire to discover truth, and remarks contemptuously: "After a lapse of ten years it can be asserted that both of these attempts (should he not have written *attentats*?) against psycho-analysis

have blown over without doing any harm ". This, considering that Adler has probably at the present time a larger following among medical men than Freud himself, is again revealing. Freud seeks to justify his hostility to these men by saying : " If a community is based upon agreement on a few cardinal points, it is obvious that people who have abandoned that common ground will cease to belong to it ". But why any community other than the community of men of science or of biologists, or of psychologists, or of neurologists, or of psycho-pathologists ? From all these Freud has turned away to make his own little ' community ', in short, an exclusive sect from which unbelievers and recalcitrant disciples are jealously excluded.

This tendency to throw the blame on the other party appears amusingly in his single reference to his domestic affairs. In his late twenties Freud had become so absorbed in his work that for two years he had not seen the girl who for four years had been his *fiancée.* He paid her a visit, interrupting some scientific work he had in hand and in respect of which he was anticipated in publication by another man. On this incident Freud comments : " it was the fault of my *fiancée* that I was not already famous at that early age . . . but I bore my *fiancée* no grudge for her interruption of my work ". He even married the lady, and the marriage seems to have been successful and Freud a *bon père de famille.* Yet the poor little lady who thus was blamed for denying him fame at thirty years of age seems to have had her revenge in a quiet way : for it is said that even to this day Madame Freud has not discovered that her husband is a very famous man.

Another evidence of Freud's separatism is his claim to have created a new science. It is not that, like some of his disciples, he claims to have created psychology ; but he repeatedly speaks of psycho-analysis as a science, describing it as " a new and deeper science of the mind ", or as " the young science " ; he writes of psycho-analysis that " while it was originally the name of a particular therapeutic method, it has now also become the name of a science—the science of unconscious mental processes ". Freud seems unable to see that just this claim to have founded new science is the chief ground of complaint against him, a

complaint entirely justified even if all his speculations (including the many earlier ones which he has now rejected) had been solidly founded and beyond reproach. Charles Darwin never claimed to have founded a new science distinct from biology, nor did Maxwell claim to have founded a new science distinct from physics. Professor Max Planck does not claim to have founded a new science of the quantum. Freud himself in his Autobiography says of his new "science of unconscious mental processes" that it "is seldom able to deal with a problem completely". We do legitimately recognize as a new and relatively independent science an offshoot from some older science which takes for its province some realm of phenomena of a distinctive order, phenomena, which hang closely together and require a distinctive technique of investigation, such sub-sciences as embryology and crystallography. Within the field of psychology we might somewhat dubiously, speak of the sub-science of mental development, or even of one of dream-interpretation; but to propose to make two co-ordinate and distinct sciences, one of conscious processes (psychology) and one of subconscious processes (psycho-analysis), as Freud does, is utterly indefensible; for the boundary between the conscious and the subconscious is vague, gradual and fluctuating in the highest degree. For the interpretation of any mental event or human action we should have to invoke the aid of the two sciences; thus any dream would fall in respect of its conscious content to psychology and, in respect of its sub-conscious motivating processes, to psycho-analysis; and similarly when a man shakes hands with another it would fall to psychology to explain why he consciously shakes hands and smiles in doing so, and to psycho-analysis to explain the subconsciously determined subtleties of his facial expression, the slight curl of the lip, the faint flush, the brightening of the eye or the unconscious and uncontrollable 'coldness' of his articulation.

Freud's contemptuous detachment appears in the paucity of his references and acknowledgments to other students of mind, philosophers and psychologists of all ages. He does make some acknowledgment of indebtedness to Charcot, Fechner, and Bernheim. He recognizes that both Schopenhauer and Nietzsche anticipated him in important points; but "the large

extent to which psycho-analysis coincides with the philosophy of Schopenhauer . . . is not to be traced to my acquaintance with his teaching. I read Schopenhauer very late in my life". And he writes that Nietzsche " was for a long time avoided by me " just because his " guesses and intuitions often agree in the most astonishing way with the laborious findings of psycho-analysis ". A strange confession; strange in two respects—first, the unwillingness to learn from others; secondly, the claim to have recognized the essential similarity of Nietzsche's psychology to his own without having read the voluminous writings through which that teaching is scattered widely. It is significant also that Freud makes no mention of Eduard von Hartmann whose *Philosophy of the Unconscious* (very widely read in Germany and Austria) devoted three large volumes in many editions to the exposition of the subconscious activities of mind; nor of T. W. H. Myers who also had devoted a large and widely celebrated work to the same task. Even the efforts of T. J. Hudson to expound the same topic are not altogether undeserving of mention.

When, then, Freud complains: "I have always felt it as a gross injustice that people always refused to treat psycho-analysis like any other science ", the reply is that Freud himself is largely responsible for whatever injustice has been done; first through, illegitimately, and against the spirit of true science, attempting to fence off his own doctrines as a new and independent science; secondly, through his lack of recognition and appreciation of what had been and was being done by other workers along parallel lines.

Unfortunately, in this matter as in others, too many of Freud's disciples follow their master slavishly; are content to remain ignorant of all psychological work not done within their own fold; and continue to attribute all disagreement with Freud's teaching to motives other than a desire to promote true knowledge, to puritanical dislike of his extreme extension of the *rôle* of sex, or to professional jealousy and blind incompetence.

The truth is, of course, that Freud has been extremely successful in obtaining a very wide hearing for his views, a very large body of followers, and a world-wide fame. Some little recognition of this truth seems to break through his still dominant

attitude of a prophet persecuted in his own country and rejected throughout the world. He writes quite movingly of his visit to America, when in 1909 Stanley Hall invited him to lecture at Clark University.

> " At that time I was only fifty-three. I felt young and healthy, and my short visit to the new world encouraged my self-respect in every way. In Europe I felt as though I were despised, but in America I found myself received by the foremost men as an equal. As I stepped on to the platform at Worcester to deliver my *Five Lectures upon Psycho-Analysis* it seemed like the realization of some incredible day-dream ; psycho-analysis was no longer a product of delusion ; it had become a valuable part of reality. It has not lost ground in America since our visit ; it is extremely popular among the lay public and is recognized by a number of official psychiatrists as an important element in medical training ".

Freud mentions also with gratification the award to him of the Goethe prize in 1930, and its presentation at a public ceremony at Frankfurt-on-Main. " This was the climax of my life as a citizen ".

There is still much chaff of wild speculation mixed with the golden grain of Freud's harvesting. It is this admixture which has led to such extremely different estimates of the value of his work. This is not the place to attempt to indicate even in the most general way the lines of separation. Freud himself is gradually getting rid of the chaff, a process which I have endeavoured to hasten by means of a little volume of mine, *Psycho-analysis and Social Psychology*, published in 1936. When the winnowing process shall have been completed the consensus of experts will, I have no doubt, confirm the verdict which I wrote twelve years ago—namely that Freud has done more than any other man since Aristotle to promote our understanding of human nature.

RIFLE AND HOE IN PALESTINE

By Willard Price

I WAS flying into trouble. Below, the scene was peaceful enough. Through the broad windows of the 'plane of the Misr Airlines I looked down upon the slumbering Sphinx and pyramids and the languid Nile. But at our journey's end was something very like war. In Palestine farmers were cultivating by day and fighting by night.

It is one of the most thrilling air rides in the world—from the silver Nile over the mountains and across the vast yellow desert where camel caravans sway up dune and down through the heat toward palm-plumed oases, over the ruler-straight Suez Canal, along the blue edge of the Mediterranean which, with its breaking surf, looks like a fringe of lace. Then over a wilderness of sand and stones, unchanged since Moses led the Israelites through this weary land, giving years to the journey we now make in two hours.

But suddenly there is a miracle. The waste ends abruptly. A line like a knife-edge divides barren desert from green paradise. On one side of this sharp line, a crop of stones ; on the other side, crops of wheat, flourishing orchards, green-and-gold orange groves.

All this wealth and beauty has been torn from the bosom of the desert. Here where there is food on every tree, men used to die of hunger and thirst. And the weird thing about it is that this miracle of agriculture has been accomplished mostly by men who never farmed before . . . by that Jewish lad who used to sell newspapers on Ludgate Hill, by former *delicatessen* proprietors of New York's East Side, by other city Jews of Chicago, Berlin and Warsaw.

I am to visit some of the Jewish colonies. The 'plane comes down at Lydda. An automobile whisks me to Tel Aviv, the mushroom metropolis which in 1917 was a village of one

thousand Jews and now has 150,000. We pause here to pick up a Jewish barrister to whom we have a letter, then go out again into the country. The farther behind we leave the city the more alert my companion becomes.

"See that colony?" He points to a clump of buildings. "It was attacked by Arabs two nights ago and eight people killed".

We pass a wrecked bus in the ditch. A mechanic is working on it. We stop to inquire; and learn that a bomb is responsible for the mishap. Three dead and seven wounded Jewish colonists have been taken in to town.

Lorries of British Tommies roll by.

"Trouble up north", says my companion.

Since the British proposal to partition Palestine between the Arabs and the Jews, the Arabs, who want all, have been attempting to oust the Jews by terrorism.

After some hours we come to the Valley of Stones—for so its ancient name may be interpreted. But there is not a stone to be seen, except in the trim fences. The Valley of Stones has become a valley of plenty. This is a Jewish communal colony. At the centre of its two hundred acres of farm and orchard is a cluster of white buildings surrounded by a stockade that makes one think of Indian days in the American West. Rifles peep from embrasures. Outside the stockade is an entanglement of barb wire. Above the buildings looms a tower surmounted by a gun platform and searchlight.

We pass up a private road flanked by shade trees to the gate of the stockade. There we must establish our identity—and dip the soles of our shoes in a pan of disinfectant, lest foot-and-mouth disease be brought into the colony.

Then the big gate swings open, and we walk in. We are met by a cheerful young fellow dressed in an open-necked shirt and blue shorts. Husky as a life guard. His skin is walnut brown. You would never dream that he had been a frail, white-skinned sewing-machine operator in the London garment trade.

His name is David. He takes us to the dining hall. It is empty now, for the noon hour is past. We sit down to a luncheon of libban (cultured milk) and salad. I remark upon the size of the room.

" You see, there are one hundred and fifty of us ", said David, " and we all eat here. If each family cooked its own food, it would take too much time out of the working day ".

" But couldn't your wives cook while you work ? "

" No, no, Our wives must work in the fields with us."

" But who looks after the children ? "

" You shall see. They are cared for in the Children's House ".

It sounded pretty mechanical. There seemed to be mighty little of the old quality of home life in it.

" It will be hard for you to understand ", David said, realizing what I must be thinking. " It was just as hard for us—because we came from countries where we were used to living our own lives. Here we live as one great family. And we do that because we must. A family of one hundred and fifty can stand up against the Arabs. A family of two or three, living in an isolated farm house, would be wiped out in a night ".

" Very well ", I said. " You could all live in one colony for defence, but at the same time each have his own farm and his own home ".

" But there's another reason besides defence. Economy. The Jewish immigrants from Europe and America were used to a good standard of living. They found they couldn't compete with the Arabs ; not so long as each family did its own farming. You know that a man and his wife can wear themselves out on a small farm. But you put a hundred times as many people to work on a farm a hundred times as big and you get, not one hundred times as much out of it, but perhaps two hundred or three hundred. Because you can use machinery, division of labour, scientific methods that wouldn't work on a patch but are practicable on a big farm.

" And the women! Look at the lot of the ordinary farmer's wife. The man has a long day, but his wife has a day twice as long. Here the woman's day is no longer than the man's. She is freed of housekeeping and looking after children. She works directly on the land—and so she doubles the economic production of the family. At the same time cutting her own working day in half.

" And both the man and woman have three hours off at noon, and all evening after six o'clock, for recreation, concerts, lectures,

cinemas, hobbies, reading, cultural activities. So we can enjoy the civilization of the twentieth century, yet compete with natives who are satisfied to live as in the first century. So . . . those are some of the advantages of a commune ".

" Has it worked so well in Russia ? " I inquired dubiously.

David was annoyed. " Don't confuse this with Soviet communism ", he retorted.

" What's the difference ? "

" Here it's voluntary. There it's compulsory. Here you come in of your own free will and any time you wish to leave you may do so. As a matter of fact, these communal colonies began before communism in Russia. We are not copying Russia ".

Properly reproved, I suggested that we look about the colony.

I left a coin for the little Kansas City Jewess who had waited upon us. She came running after me and returned it.

" Thank you very much ", she said. " But we don't take money. You see . . . we have no use for it ".

No use for money! Never, anywhere in the world, had I heard anything like it.

" Of course the colony buys and sells in the market ", David put in. " But the money for that is all handled by the treasurer. And if any member has to go to Jerusalem or Tel Aviv he's provided with enough for expenses. But for most of us money doesn't exist ". He slapped his empty pockets. " When did you last see money ? " he asked the girl.

" Not since I came here. That was a year and a half ago ".

" But don't you feel lost without money in your pocket ? " I asked David.

" No. Just relieved. Think of the worries you have over money. Wondering if you have enough. Wondering if more will come on time. Wondering if your stocks will go up or down. Wishing your chief would pay you more—afraid he'll quit paying anything. Jealous of your neighbour if he gets more than you do. Always the chance of unemployment. Here there's security. We do what we can and get all we need—food, shelter, clothing, recreation, culture ".

" And the most talented gets no more than the least talented ?"

" Not a bit more. He is fortunate in being talented. He

gets his reward in the pleasure of using his talents. Take our expert citrus grower. Don't you think he'd rather be the expert than to be the scavenger?"

"But the scavenger gets just as good a place to live in as the expert?"

"I'll show you". We walked down a path flanked by attractive houses in flower gardens. Entering one of the houses, I was shown the room of the scavenger and the room of the university-trained expert. They were the same—except that the latter was more pleasantly decorated because of the better taste of the individual.

"Equality", I mused.

"Not quite that", corrected David. "There's no equality in what these two men do—except that each does his best. But one is worth perhaps a hundred times as much to the colony as the other. Nor is there equality in what they receive. As a matter of fact the scavenger receives much more at present, because his boy has had to have a costly operation and his wife is in the tuberculosis sanatorium at the expense of the colony. That's not equality. But here's the point: *Each person gives according to his ability, and gets according to his needs*".

And that, I take it, is the central idea of the Palestine communes. It works in Palestine—there's no doubt about it. But nothing would be more foolish than to conclude that it would necessarily work in England, America, and everywhere else. In most races, there would be some persons who would loaf and sojer at the expense of others. That rarely happens among the Jews of Zion—because they are all fired to intense heat by the Arab persecution to which they are subjected, by the harshness they have known in Germany and other European countries from which they have fled, by the flaming ideal of building a national home for the Jews in Palestine. This is such a passion and religion with them that there is no place for slackers.

We visited the bakery and the dairy where the colony's own bread, butter and cheese are made. The incubators where, every three days, eight hundred chicks come out. The cow barns with their 150 head of Friesian cattle. "They give about five thousand litres each a year. The Arab cow gives

about five hundred ". The smithy where sheet iron was being welded for the armouring of lorries and tractors against Arab snipers. The tents of newcomers for whom houses were not yet ready. The school where children vivaciously worked together in groups and called their teachers by their first names. The hospital which treats minor cases but sends serious ones to the nearest of the great hospitals and sanatoria maintained by the Jewish Workers' Sick Fund. Each colony pays a monthly health insurance fee to this Sick Fund ; and any colonist who needs medical attention gets it, no matter if it means caring for him in a sanatorium for the rest of his life.

We passed out through one of the stockade gates into the farm. Here were rolling acres of field, orchard and vegetable garden. Men and women were hard at work—except for a few armed with rifles who patrolled the farm boundary.

" Now, just who owns this farm? " I asked. " The colony ? "

" No. You might say that all the Jews of Palestine own it—through their organization, the Jewish National Fund. It buys land from the Arabs and leases it to the colonies. Few colonies would have the money to buy their own land ".

" So these farmers really own nothing but the clothes on their backs ? "

" Not even those ", laughed David. " I don't know who wore this shirt last week. As for things that have to fit exactly, they are made to measure, and numbered, so we get the same ones every time they come back from the laundry. But they don't belong to us ".

" Suppose some one brings fine clothes with him when he joins the colony ? "

" Yes. A girl brought a big sable coat. Later one of our members had to make a winter trip to Poland to look after her parents. She was assigned the coat ".

" And didn't the owner of it mind ? "

" She wasn't the owner of it any longer. When we come here we pool everything we have and are for the common good ".

There were two amazing things about the farm—the highly organized and scientific running of it—and the diversity of its products. Mixed farming was the rule for several reasons. One was that where a colony is apt to be besieged at any time

it must be able to feed itself from within. The colonists have learned this from bitter experience. For example, they formerly depended upon the Arabs for vegetables. During various riots the Arabs stopped the sale of vegetables in order to punish their opponents. The Jews learned the lesson and began to grow their own vegetables. In the last two years the Jewish acreage devoted to vegetables has increased three hundred per cent. Also mixed farming is insurance against the failure of any one crop. There is safety in the broad foundation made up of field crops, irrigated forage, vegetables, fruit, nurseries, dairy, sheep, poultry.

Perhaps the best thing about mixed farming in Palestine is that there is about the same amount of work to do at any time of the year. All can be kept busy and it is not necessary to bring in temporary help from the outside. A slack season for one product is peak for another. During the five-weeks picking season grapes require ten times as many workers as during the rest of the year. But when this is done the excess labour turns to citrus fruits and is there kept busy for about five months. And neatly dovetailing into this season comes the chief vegetable season and the harvesting of field crops. One of the complaints made against the Jewish colonies is that they do not hire Arab workers. But neither do they hire Jewish workers. They endeavour to space production so that everything can be done by the members of the colony.

" But you say that these are mostly city people ", I said to David. " Then where did they learn to farm ? "

" On training farms. You should go to some of them ".

And I later did. At the " Children's Republic " young people govern themselves under light adult supervision and acquire the knowledge and ideals of the soil from experts. At the " Girls' Training Farm " I saw eighty-seven girls learning from their two-year course not only how to keep house but how to handle a plough and a hoe—and a gun.

But the chief training farms are abroad. More than 100,000 Jews are to-day going through a two-year course at communal farm-schools in Europe, learning both scientific agriculture and communal living in preparation for Palestine. This means that Jewish immigration in Palestine is due for a steady increase, and also that the communal colony idea will be extended.

David showed me fruits that have never before been known in Palestine. And during the month that followed, I studied the great Jewish Experimental Farm near Tel Aviv where these fruits and other products are developed and from which seedlings are distributed to all the colonies. Here were luscious plums. Apples of good quality. Pears. Palestine had a pear—a sour horny thing not worth eating. The new pear, the result of eleven years experimentation, is large, soft and sweet. Strawberries—newcomers to Zion and still found nowhere except in the Jewish colonies. Brambleberries—eight species out of eleven have been successfully acclimatized.

Four years ago everybody knew that it was "impossible" to grow potatoes in Palestine. Now there are more than can be used. The spring crop runs ten tons to the acre. The experimenters have doubled the crop per acre of wheat. The American cowpea known as the Whippoorwill grows famously. Alfalfa has been taught to grow on drift sand and is cut nine times a year.

A Jewish buccaneer ran midnight lorry-loads of date palms from Egypt into Zion, and now Palestine is exporting dates. Another pioneer went to the Canaries, studied banana cultivation, and bananas are now being grown in the Jordan valley.

The spectrograph is used at the Experimental Farm for soil analysis. I looked through one and saw a bit of dirt transformed into a rainbow, each colour signifying a mineral. Also the institution possesses a new type ultra-violet microscope for the study of the entire life-cycle of bacteria—one of three such machines in the world.

The genius of this laboratory is the great chemist, Dr. Weizmann, who more than any other person is to be thanked for the fact that the Jews are getting a national home in Palestine.

When he is not attending conferences and committees you may see this man, the greatest figure in Zion, leaning over his test tubes, devising uses for orange peel! That waste of the citrus industry has great chemical possibilities. And his assistants are turning whey—which can't be fed to the pigs in Palestine since the Hebrew religion allows no pigs—into useful chemicals. Fourteen extension workers are on the move

constantly among the colonies, giving them the results of research at the Experimental Farm.

But to return to David and his colony.

After dinner, the colony changed magically from a farm into a university. There were study classes in economics, philosophy, history, political theory ; also in languages, including Hebrew, English and Arabic. The library was busy. An orchestra was practising in the music room. At 8.30 there was a lecture on international affairs in the dining hall, now turned into an auditorium.

Before the lecture was over I was startled to hear shots. But no one else seemed to pay the slightest attention. They knew that the guards were on duty, and if more help was needed it would be called for. They heard the lecturer out—then a few of the men adjourned to the fortress and I went with them.

The fortress was a stout-walled building with a tower topped by a platform like a captain's bridge. Here six men and two girls, armed with machine guns and rifles, strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of skirmishers. The searchlight, mounted just above them, sent a powerful beam exploring along the hillsides, illuminating one spot after another with painful brilliance. There was novelty in it for the first half hour. After that I wondered how they could endure it hour after hour, following a hard day's work in the fields.

But there was even more strain for the guards stationed out in the farm. Now and then one of them would signal with his pocket torch. He had been made nervous by sounds in the bush and wanted the searchlight turned upon his neighbourhood to reveal his enemies or assure him that there were none. There were no more shots—just the electric expectancy of them all night.

David took me to my room.

" Well, what do you think of the colony ? " he asked.

" It's a hard life. Don't you get lonesome for London ? "

" Of course. I see *The Times* and keep track of the new shows. But there isn't one of them that would give me as much of a thrill as what we are doing here ". David's eyes burned. " Turning sand and stones into harvests. Making a home, at last, for our people ".

BEYOND THE HORIZON—*A Sketch*

By James Hanley

" Is that it " ? asked the jarvie, giving a sudden pull on the reins.

" That's it all right ", replied the passenger, and he climbed down and walked up the little path to the cottage door. " This is it ".

The jarvie followed. " Sure I don't know you from Adam ", he said, " and yet there's something about you . . . now, let me see—— " and he began scratching his head, " let me see——"

But the passenger had now gone inside the empty cottage. He stood by the window. " Hang me ", he said. " It's the same. The glass I mean. Ah! many a time when I was a little boy I looked through that pane of glass ". He leaned forward as though he were going to press his face against the pane, and exclaimed exultantly : " Ah! Just look at that " !

The jarvie standing behind him looked at the glass, though he was not thinking of the glass, but only of the hotel to which he must drive this man who had just arrived at Cobh from New York.

" Well ! "

" Sure, can't you see anything on the glass, man ? You're not blind. Look! ' M.J. O'N.' Now that's meself, so perhaps you'll know me just now ". He ran a big finger up and down the glass in a sort of caressing manner, still looking into the jarvie's face.

" Michael James O'Neill ? " questioned the jarvie, who for some reason suddenly took off his cap.

" The same ", replied the man. He began to laugh, but suddenly stopped and looked at the glass again. " Now there's a tale for you, man. I struck those initials on that pane of glass so many years ago that I can't remember. I was a little boy, anyhow, and sure that's all that matters at the moment.

Are you in such a devil of a hurry, Mr. Condron, that you can't wait while a man looks back on all his days " ?

The jarvie laughed. " Hang me, I do believe you're the son of Mary O'Neill who died here some ten years ago. Well! Well ! " and he shook hands with his passenger.

Now he *did* examine the initials on the glass, then he swung round, grasped the other's hand and again shook it, exclaiming : " Well, I'll be hanged! Sure I didn't recognize you at all. And now I do. Yes, *sir*, you're an O'Neill all right. And you're the youngest, isn't that so ? " He leaned against the wall, looking at the man. " Well! Well! Well! There used to be a saying in your family : ' The O'Neills must all go beyond the horizon '. Ah! I know you well ".

" Aye ", the other said. " 'Tis true and many's the time I've thought of that, many's the time. I'd like to cut out that pane of glass and take it away with me ".

" You'll have to see Mr. Burke about that, maybe ", said the jarvie. " He's a fine man, I believe. Something on the Council too, they tell me ".

" I remember one morning before I went off to school, I was pressing my face against that glass and my father came behind me and says he : ' Now what are you looking at through there ' ? and I said : ' Why, Father, I'm looking at the hill beyond ', and he said : ' That's a grand thing to do, for through that glass you see the finest hill that ever was '. And he bent down then, I remember it was the morning he was going away, and he whispered to me : ' That's the hill I go over, Michael ; the hill to far-away '. I laughed then, but if he were here to-day and said the same, I wouldn't laugh, for now I've learned things. All the same, he was right. It was a fine hill and it still is, though I liked it better when it was raining and there was a slight mist hanging over it. And that day he went away and I've never seen him since ".

" Ah! " said the jarvie. " Now I know. There was Peter and Liam as well ".

" That's so ", the man said, " and I haven't seen one of them since ".

" Well, you don't say! Sure that's mighty sad, Mr. O'Neill. Maybe they're—ah no, sure, one can't be saying things like that.

Maybe they've forgotten you. Things happen like that, Mr. O'Neill. Your people or your friends, they just forget all about you. That's what makes the old world queer. No matter, go on with your studying now and take a fine look at that old glass, for now with you standing there, I mind the time they used to talk of a big man who stepped these roads, and he always comin' in from over that hill you like so fine. I believe his name was Scully. Now am I right or wrong " ? and giving a little laugh, he began scratching his head once again.

" Why, Mr. Condron, you're almost like my own brother, you are. That's the very name, the very man indeed. Lord God! How my old mother hated that man, that name and all it meant. Mind you, I was the only boy ever to write his name on that bit of glass there. Ah! I feel ninety years of age, truth I do. Ah! Bedad, I could tell you something about him. A rare feller that. I suppose you've heard of the curious man lived a long long while ago, who with a blow of his pipe, brought all the children in Creation running after him ? You haven't ?—well well, no matter. But d'you see, Mr. Condron, this here Scully was a man after his own heart, and wasn't he the heart's scald of me own mother, though God knows he never blew on a pipe, for it was only an old white clay one he smoked, and divil a blow you'd get out of that. Well now, this was the very man who come over that hill there and took my father, and then me, and Liam and Peter after us. See what I'm after now? Sure that feller was the agent for the sea and all the countries beyond the horizon—if you follow what I mean. He was a rare man. I mind he'd come over the brow of that hill, whistling away there as happy as Larry himself and a look in his eye like an old magpie. No matter. My mother hated him, and yet—ah, I could never understand it, never. Well, now, that's just what Mr. Scully was. The sea's agent. I say it now, but I wouldn't have said it years ago. Ah no! You see, I hadn't found out then. Tell me, d'you know the Scully family " ?

" Well, I *did*, and they're all in their graves, your agent and all ", said the jarvie, who now showed signs of impatience, for he kept running to the door every now and again to look at his car.

The other seemed in no hurry at all. He lighted a pipe, and leaning against the damp wall, he went on with his story.

" Aye! I mind the time all right. Funny, for I was the last to go. This Scully came over the hill, and when he came over *that* hill, my mother she'd run off upstairs as though it were the Divil himself. You see, whenever a man was wanted for the ships, for the sea, he came along. And he had a way with him. I remember my mother taking hold of me and saying : ' How can you go ' ? as if it was me and not her, that was sending us over the hill. And he came in and said : ' Good-morning, Mrs. O'Neill, and I hope I find you well ', though my mother said never a word, just stood there looking at Mr. Scully.

" He had a way with him. He looked at me and said : ' I've come for you. It's a schooner and she goes out on the night tide '. Then he looked at my mother and she just nodded her head and said : ' He's the last '. And Mr. Scully knew she was going to cry and he was awfully nice of a sudden and he said ' Well now, this boy will grow into a fine man '. She bowed her head and I do believe she was looking at where I'd scratched my name on the glass, and suddenly she said : ' This one will never feel much, Martin Scully, for unlike the others, he's afraid of no hill, and his father knows that too '.

"That was four to the sea, Mr. Condron. Four! And did I dance when I left the house and climbed that hill with the agent from the sea ? Did I dance ? Ah! Over the high hill and beyond the horizon, Mr. Condron ; and now here I am again, in this very kitchen, and there's the fine glass I looked through when I was a boy, and the hill's the same ; but my father's gone, and Liam and Peter too.

" Just now I looked through that glass, and though the hill's still there, though it's the same old hill, Mr. Condron, there's something not quite right. Maybe it's me eyes, or maybe——" and here the speaker paused, and bending down, he pressed his big, worn face to the glass, in such a manner that the jarvie began to laugh, for he thought his passenger meant nothing less than to kiss the glass.

But Mr. O'Neill simply looked through it for some seconds, and his face was sad then, as the jarvie saw ; and at last he turned away and said : " It's the hill all right ; but what is wrong is

that there's nothing beyond it. No, Mr. Condron. It's the horizon that's all wrong ". And with a sudden vehement burst : " Ah! Sure, it might be that Scully himself took the old horizon with him when he went. But it's not the same. But the glass is and I'll find this Mr. Burke and buy the old glass pane from him. Now take me to Mrs. Dolan's ".

" N'how long will you be staying ? " enquired the jarvie.

" I've stayed long enough ", replied Mr. O'Neill.

The jarvie threw an arm into the air. " Man, you've just come! " he said.

" But I go tomorrow. I mean, as soon as I get the old glass from Mr. Burke. That's all I came for and now I'll be going off again ".

The car pulled up outside the hotel and Mr. O'Neill got down.

" Bring me the glass tomorrow and I'll thank you well, Mr. Condron ".

" Good-night, sir. I will that ".

" Good-night ", said the other, and as he passed into the hotel he talked to himself. " Through that glass you'll see the finest hill that ever was ", and then in a lower tone of voice, as he climbed the stairs : " Maybe. Maybe ".

GLYNDEBOURNE AND ITS STORY

By John Christie

YOUNG men spend their holidays in sport, cricket, golf, going abroad, and in other ways. I used to spend mine fishing. There was either too little water or too much rain or wind—seldom were there too many fish. I lived, as a rule, in a local pub, where I had no interests and which confined me, reluctantly, when I was not fishing. This, in due course, gave way to a holiday on the Continent, where I had music and opera. The wind and the rain and fish or no fish did not much matter. The opera was a certainty. I thought it good—I did not know. At any rate, I wanted to bring it home to England. I wanted my neighbourhood, at least, to have some experience of what is part of the normal life on the Continent and to share with me the enjoyment which can be had daily in most Continental Cities.

For several years I toyed with the idea of a stage to be added to our Music Room. We drew plans. Suddenly, one Saturday afternoon, we were galvanized into activity. On one of those rare occasions on which I turned on the wireless, I heard that England had been knocked off the gold standard. We had seen the Franc go West and the mark go further still, and we did not know how the £ would survive. If we were to lose our £s. we had better spend them as soon as we could and, if posterity did not finish our opera house, we, at any rate, would have shown them a good example. The main building was completed in about six months, and its equipment and additional buildings were completed in the course of the next two or three years. It is interesting to note that the building of the Glyndebourne Opera House might be claimed by the Labour Party, because they were in power when our £s. depreciated, and it is because of this directly and, I suppose, therefore, because of the Labour Party indirectly, that the opera house was built. I hope that

next time they come into office they will do still more to help me!

Early in 1934 I went over to meet Dr. Fritz Busch in Amsterdam to invite him to take charge of our Festival. I had already invited Sir Thomas Beecham to act as conductor, but nothing came of the offer. I had seen Fritz Busch's work at Dresden several years before and had been much impressed by the *Festspiele* there and by the general musical atmosphere of the place. Dr. Busch had shortly before been made a Doctor of Music of Edinburgh University. On Dr. Busch's recommendation Professor Carl Ebert was appointed producer. Our progress is largely due to the work of these two men. Dr. Busch asked me about my policy, and I told him that I should like to give the best possible performances and that I did not mind about names. This policy has proved right, though unusual. Because we had few names known to the English public, on the second night in our first Festival our special train carried only seven passengers. We opened with *Figaro* and followed on the second night with *Cosi Fan Tutte*. The scheme was thought to be mildly mad, and few realized that anything particular was happening. There were, however, honourable exceptions. *The Times* critic came down—before we opened—more than once to investigate. Sir Donald Tovey came repeatedly from Edinburgh during the first Festival, and Mr. C. B. Cochran was the first to take seats. As far as I remember none of those who had been believed to be specially interested in Mozart found it possible to visit us or to take any interest in our work. However, the Press acclaimed the results, *The Times* saying that a new standard of operatic production had been created in this country, and *The Daily Telegraph* inviting their readers to take note of their opinion that such a performance had not before been seen in this country or in any other. It is curious now to look back upon this fortnight's Festival. The Glyndebourne Restaurant had not been started, and the catering was in the hands of a firm which shortly afterwards was wound up. All the male principals dressed in one room, the foreigners (having more experience) helping the British to make up. All the female principals dressed in another room, with the exception of my wife, who dressed in a passage with the junior artist, so

that no one should say that the passage was an especially good dressing-room. *Figaro* was recorded by the H.M.V. during the first Festival, the H.M.V. having seen fit to confirm their Contract with us before the Festival actually started. In subsequent years the H.M.V. made complete recordings also of *Così Fan Tutte* and *Don Giovanni*. In the third year we were offered the sum of £100 for broadcasting by the B.B.C. This we refused.

In 1935 the Festival was extended to a period of five weeks, *Zauberfloete* and *Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail* being added to the repertoire, of course, in German. Once again the Festival opened with poor attendances during the first two or three performances and, once again, the Festival immediately filled up, In 1936 *Don Giovanni* was added. *Don Giovanni* had been postponed because we had not been able to find the Don Giovanni we had wanted, until the Australian, John Brownlee, accepted the part and performed it with such success that he was immediately invited to the Metropolitan in New York. We had felt it unsuitable to give this *rôle* to a bass, because if the Don himself is sung by a bass, it is impossible adequately to cast the part of Leporello, the two singers becoming too much alike.

The fifth Season, 1938, has been the most important since our start. For three years we had been discussing and planning to make a change from Mozart. We realized that if we stuck to one composer we might get stale, and we realized, too, that by introducing other composers we should bring other audiences. This change was to us all-important. The musical world had accepted Glyndebourne's Mozart, but had been anxiously wondering how we should make the change. A business breaks on its expansion. Mozart is the easiest composer to sing badly and the hardest to sing well. It was not a question of difficulty, but a question of choice and of suitability, and then of being able to mix the two kinds of music without impairing the crystal-clear character of Mozart's music. It was further necessary to find an opera which would lead the world and not follow it. It was necessary, above all, for the prestige of music in England that this choice should lead the world and lead it successfully. *Fidelio* was the obvious choice, but, naturally, Salzburg has already done it. *Bohême* was done in every opera

house. *Tristan*, suitable to Glyndebourne, had also been done in Salzburg. After prolonged discussion we decided to make a trial, in 1937, of *Macbeth*. Our chorus learnt the work. We doubled the size of our orchestra and gave a trial performance of the work to a few musical friends. Would it prove too big for the volume of our auditorium? We decided that it was not too big. We knew that we should find people ready to blame us if we made this mistake. Was *Macbeth* too gloomy a subject? We argued this point and came to the conclusion that it was so strong that its gloom was not a demerit. The traditional superstition of the theatre is that *Macbeth* burns down the house. That made me personally all the more ready to defy superstition, but *Macbeth* was so unknown that perhaps there would be no public. That risk we were prepared to take, knowing, at any rate, that the public could not say they had not come because they had not liked it. They had never heard it. So great was our confidence in our choice after weighing up these arguments, that we decided to give it twelve performances, even knowing that it was an unknown opera. Six of these performances were sold out, and such an impression has been made that we have no doubt that the eleven performances included in next year's programme will also be sold out. I am told that even the music has been sold out and has had to be reprinted. *Macbeth* has every facet of opera work—ghosts, apparitions, military band playing the arrival of King Duncan as it approaches and recedes at seemingly great distances; tremendous choruses, clouds of every kind, fog and filthy air, thunder and lightning; the Sleep Walking scene, the battle of Birnam Wood; the murder of Banco and Banco's ghost; the big orchestra, and the two great parts of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. The strain is taut. The music is so exciting that for several weeks none of of us could sleep. Then, to go with it, Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*—an opera written within four years of *Macbeth*, with identically the same orchestra (except for one brass instrument), often the same orchestration and yet totally different handling of the instruments and a totally different conception of opera. Almost sheer fun from beginning to end, with every trick of Italian opera and the opportunities of great singing and great acting. For the first time within the

knowledge of several great operatic performers the chorus itself was encored, and encored every night, with an audience almost standing up in the stalls and shouting and clapping. So ends the fifth Festival, to be repeated with its three Italian Mozarts next year without change.

The conscious and the unconscious purpose throughout this work has been to reach a standard new to opera. It must be realized that if we, at Glyndebourne, only attained an ordinary standard, there is no particular reason why we should exist. We are 50 miles from London. We are in the heart of the country, amongst the Sussex Downs, where expenses must be great and where everyone must give time and money to attend. The method governing our work is the same as the method implied in any successful work or business. It depends, in the first place, on choosing the right men at the head and, in the second place, on taking infinite trouble. We claim that it is impossible to run an opera house unless you can run a business successfully. It is necessary to provide the right financial and commercial frame in which the artistic experts can work, and work happily and to the best advantage. The creation of Glyndebourne followed, as a natural step, from the creation of the business side of the Glyndebourne Estate. Everything on the Estate is a matter of business. Where, in my grandfather's time some ten men were employed, now we employ 1,000. The Estate yard has given place to three businesses—a building business, a business for converting English timber, and a transport business. These businesses implied the creation of a Central Business Office, which can now take over, and does take over, a number of other businesses, including a small engineering business and the running of a large Hotel and two championship golf-courses at Saunton Sands in North Devon. This collection of businesses under a Central Office is exactly what was wanted to create the opera house, manage the catering and instal the business control of the operatic enterprise. Ever since the War I have followed the line of refusing to subscribe to charities, but instead, I have used my resources in developing business and getting people back to work. This principle has worked well and, in my opinion, is far sounder than the normal support of charity. It has produced far greater happiness and, by the opportunities

which arise, has started many young men on profitable and honourable lives. Charity itself only consumes and does not create. The creation of Glyndebourne has followed naturally from the creation of this group of other businesses. It and they bring beauty and health into the lives of the people. In time charity will be unnecessary, and should be unnecessary.

No detail at Glyndebourne is too small to be considered. Professor Ebert and his scenery designer in Berlin—Caspar Neher—had already worked out the opera *Macbeth* when it was performed in Berlin some years ago. For this reason Neher was selected to design the scenery at Glyndebourne. It would have been unfair to use the results of this collaboration and to appoint a third person as scenery designer. But, although this work had been an outstanding success in Berlin, it was necessary for Caspar Neher to make five double journeys between either Berlin or Vienna and Glyndebourne, and to spend a month at Glyndebourne at the end superintending the details of scenery construction and painting. The young man who did the projection painting—an art almost unknown in England—was at Glyndebourne for six weeks. There were eleven orchestral rehearsals of *Macbeth*. There were ten orchestral rehearsals of *Don Pasquale*. When we originally started we had twelve orchestral rehearsals of each Mozart opera. We had eight special mandoline players down to Glyndebourne to play the serenade in *Don Giovanni* before we could be satisfied with the result.

The immediate aim of Glyndebourne is to set a standard of operatic work which shall command the respect of the world. We feel that this is necessary to assist the prestige of music in England. Last year we had 270 auditions of singers in Continental opera houses. We have had thousands of auditions of British singers. We only advertise the names of our singers to give advertisement to the singers. We do not sell our seats because of the names of our singers. Our public rarely ask who is singing. We search for the singer fit to represent the part and then we select from them the best singer. We believe it to be essential that the *rôle* should be represented correctly as well as sung correctly. We train British singers ourselves and we are using Glyndebourne funds and donations from supporters of Glyndebourne to make this work possible. We

have a staff of British conductors who are studying our methods. In due course we shall hope to find British producers as well.

A problem which has been concerning us for some years is, of course, the problem of finding the British opera. But I personally believe that it is necessary for the British composer to be in close touch with an opera house and, if his work is going to be great, also with the greatest conductors and producers. I believe that all composers must have the benefit of advice, of discussion and of criticism from the greatest exponents if they are going to be successful. This is one of the benefits which Glyndebourne hopes to offer. At any rate, Glyndebourne sets out clearly and definitely to find a British opera the peer of any modern continental opera, but it expects it may be necessary to take twenty years before it is successful. In the meantime, it hopes to be able to stimulate and assist the British composer. In fact, it must do so for the prestige of British music.

Glyndebourne is inevitably expensive. We do not really mind that. We have argued from the start that if we can succeed in achieving a standard higher than anywhere else, and if in this way we can raise the prestige of music in England, then there will be a public in the world which will come here and which will pay what it costs. In spite of the expense, this is not, on the whole, a rich public. God be praised, there are a number of rich people in the audience! There would be something wrong with the rich if there were not. There are some quite poor people in the ordinary audience, and the larger portion of the audience makes some financial sacrifice to come here. It is interesting to note that while the big stores are not doing so well, yet Glyndebourne sold its seats and sold more dinners and more bottles of wine than before. It is not a question of rich or poor. People come because they think it worth it, even when they can afford it with difficulty. Then too, each opera is sold out once, not at £2 a seat, but at 6/-, and the seats are allotted by a Committee to people who are known and guaranteed to be unable to afford the ordinary prices. In addition, there are 40 seats at 10/- in each ordinary performance, which are allotted by the same Committee in the same way. There have been countless free concerts at Glyndebourne in the past, attended by Countesses and farm labourers and their

families sitting side by side. It is nothing to do with rich or poor.

In the past art and music were supported by princes. Taxation has removed the power of princes, but it has also removed their power of supporting work which is great and not mediocre. The municipalities are the modern princes, but they have no conception of great music, or of installing the frame in which great musicians can work. The municipalities offer entertainment, not culture. Entertainment is the last thing that Glyndebourne sets out to offer. Religion is not entertainment. In due course the municipalities and the Government will offer culture. In the meantime, it might be worth their while to watch the work at Glyndebourne and see of what use this work can be to them. If one individual can do this work from an agricultural estate *plus* the businesses which, in the first place, belonged to the estate, the municipalities are left in an unenviable position if they cannot do better. It is not money which does it, but idealism.

Glyndebourne is the first step in the scheme. Others must follow in due course.

ART IN THE ROCKIES

By Clare Sheridan

IT was one of those rare dreams that come true. I had often thought of organizing an Art Colony run on communal lines, a sort of Art University, where living was cheap, and where climatic and other conditions were just right for the pursuit of the three arts of landscape painting, portraiture and sculpture.

The Coast of the Adriatic had seemed to me ideal, because there marble costs almost nothing, and all other requirements would be fulfilled. One hesitates, however, to embark upon an enterprise that may be a total failure—artists are an unknown quantity, even to themselves.

When I heard that others had dared the experiment over which I had hesitated, I was filled with curiosity and desire to take part in it. So I went, on the recommendation of an artist who had been there the previous year. This "Summer School", as it called itself, had its setting in the Rocky Mountains in the far North West of the United States. It was a long way to go, even for New Yorkers, as long by train as from Calais to Constantinople—more than double that time by car. One could travel overnight by aeroplane to the furthest Western landing-ground, but that was 400 miles away from the Art base!

This Colony or School was due to the genius of two naturalized Americans. The brothers Reiss were German by birth, Hans the eldest, a sculptor and Winold a painter. They were men of middle age, silver-haired, handsome, unmarried, endowed with a sense of humour truly Irish, and the physique of Alpine climbers. An essential reason for the success of the enterprise was that they were both first-class artists. Winold's draughtsmanship had a plastic quality, it might have been the work of a sculptor. The students looked to Winold with admiration that

was veneration too ; as for myself, I had found at last a sculptor from whom I could learn much, because I had found one I could generously admire. And both brothers combined the basic soundness that we associate with the past, and the stylization that is called modern. It was due to the personalities of these two that our mixed crowd was amalgamated into a body with a group spirit.

Hans Reiss and myself were the only sculptors. Some of the students were white-haired. A retired doctor of medicine and a retired architect were satisfying a long-felt ambition to be landscape painters in their old age, which, if you come to think of it, is a sensible way of growing gracefully old. You have no physical exertion, are fully occupied, never know a dull moment, are no bother to your family or friends, you find something of interest wherever you go, at all times of the year and every hour of the day! Moreover, the cost of production is almost negligible. There were some women landscape painters as well. Two were art teachers bent on improving themselves, another was a librarian from the Metropolitan Museum.

One of the artists was a lovely blonde girl of sixteen, the only child of a naturalized German couple who ran a restaurant during the summer months at the neighbouring village. These Germans were friendly and very efficient, the cooking was so excellent that although the restaurant was little more than a shack it became a rendezvous for miles around, and the Reiss brothers often spent evenings there, when the German couple would join them after work was done. Their daughter who had talent and great ambition to be a painter waited on the tables when she got home in the evening. The tips she collected enabled her to pay her tuition. For the benefit of the ambitious young portrait painters genuine Redskin Indians were introduced, pure types with marvellous hatchet faces, long braids, and arrayed in all their war paint.

Six hours were the official working day, but most of us worked longer. The landscape painters who set out after breakfast seldom returned until supper. The portrait painters would bribe the models to pose for them after hours. As for myself, I recognized no ' off ' hours, I worked until I could no longer stand. In a state of absolute exhaustion I used to totter down

to the camp where the wife of an Indian Chief made me some tea. I then lay stretched out on the grass, and dozed until the chill of sunset or an Indian drum aroused me. Most of us took our work very seriously. Some worked over-time and literally cried, when harshly criticized. The criticism was merciless, thorough, characteristically German.

. . . I still marvel at the opportunities that this place offered. To go into the wildest country and have marvellous native models has never been a problem for painters, it is a perpetual problem for modellers. The equipment required by a sculptor is complicated and cumbersome. I had brought my revolving-stand from England and my modelling clay by car, 2,600 miles from New York. I motored eventually 400 miles to the nearest big town to procure the right brand of plaster for my casting. There being no professional casters available I did my own (successfully, thank God!).

To the Reiss brothers we were indebted for the models, whom they secured with some trouble, and transported with their families from the Reservation, encamped them in Tipi's, and fed them, so that they were both our paid models (50 cents an hour) and also our guests. They ended by being our friends. Without the Reiss organization, it would have been almost impossible to secure these models.

Our community attracted some others besides artists. There were Germans who joined us and because they were German were invited to our long table in the big Hall. The table grew longer until it eventually stretched across the whole width, and we numbered over thirty.

These Germans were of different types. Some were naturalized Americans who had retained their German souls. Others had left Germany because of Hitler. Yet others were of the pure type. Conversation at table was mostly in German. In our artist crowd the most colourful and exotic figure was one who had been brought up by Isadora Duncan from the age of four to be a dancer. She, too, was German but had long since discarded all national traits. She was a citizen of the world—but she looked like an Indian story-book heroine! Burnt a deep dark walnut, her straight hair cut shoulder length she

affected Indian dress and was the delight of tourists. She set an example which the rest of us were not slow to follow.

In the evenings we sewed our improvised dresses of bright coloured cottons bought at the Indian Store and wore them with the addition of beaded mocassins, gaiters, belts and necklaces of animal teeth or claws, made for us by the squaws in camp.

The Reiss brothers encouraged us, they thought we should do it. They did it, too. Winold was dressed in coat and trousers of Russian 'crash' embroidered in coloured wools by his best girl. Hans wore vivid blue linen Swedish shirts and a fringed buckskin coat. Of course, word of this went round the country, and rumour reached the most distant tourist centres. They came (the tourists) by car, by boat (making excursions across the lake) on packhorse and by mule to have a peep at the Artist Colony. They found, besides the Artists, the models, walking about among the fir trees, or in groups by the lake's edge, in all their glory—painted faces, tomahawks, eaglefeather head-dresses, and so on. Some of the tourists looked at them fearfully, and knowing only too well what the white people deserve at the hands of the Red people, asked in terrified whispers whether they were safe! Others delighted in the show and had an orgy of photography, for which they duly paid the Indians.

In the great Hall at meal-times we affected not to notice that people at the small tables were straining to listen. Some of them were disgusted by the sound of the German language, others were fascinated, thrilled; was not this real Cosmopolitanism and in the Rockies too!

This central logwood cabin, combined the purpose of dining room, writing-room, reading-room, with the addition of kitchen, and servants' rooms. The artists were lodged in little and big logwood cabins, of single or several rooms. They were grouped on a sunny slope overlooking the lake with a forest of fir trees in the background.

We could never determine whether we were living uncomfortably in a civilized world, or comfortably in a wild world. Wild bears would come to the back door to rummage among the garbage pails, and one night, at bed-time, I met one on the steps of my Cabin!

The Settlement was in reality a hotel, owned, as all the

tourist hotels in this remote West, by an important Railway Company. The Directors of the railway company who were friends of the Reiss brothers had placed this hotel at their disposal on condition that they supplied a percentage of their Redskin portraiture to the Company, who reproduced it for tourist propaganda. Because it was a hotel the tourists were able to mingle in the life of the Art Colony, that is, if they could find a vacant room.

Happily the absence of luxury was our protection. All bathrooms and ' showers ' were in a separate châlet, and you had to walk across the open in the face (often) of a glacier wind, and this discouraged tourists, for Americans are emphatic about their comforts. There were other details, too, that irritated most of us, but especially the tourists. For instance, the hotel manager, with the instinct of a schoolmaster, switched off the electric light at the main, at eleven o'clock every night. Moreover, no one was served who arrived even five minutes late for a meal. As the breakfast-hour limit was 8.30 there were many who grumblingly went without. It was amusing, however, to see how the white-haired students submitted to this treatment. The young were provoked to rebellion, but the old recalled a long past, and felt absurdly young.

It was a pity that the railway directors had not employed Winold, whose decorative frescoes were well known in New York, to decorate the Main Châlet. This had been done, apparently, under the instructions of the Company. It was conflicting in taste. From the high roof, hung Japanese lanterns. But because it was the custom in those parts to refer to a log cabin as a " Châlet ", the Company's sense of fitness had decreed a Swiss peasant costume for the waiting maids. Equally appropriately the Cabins might have been called *datchas*, and a Russian peasant costume would have been most fitting for it is the fashion among the Red Indian women, to wear striped shawls and colourful handkerchiefs tied under the chin. However, to the Western American, presumably a Swiss miss was more exciting!

The first time I saw the costumed maids occupying the only writing tables in the Main Hall, I was perplexed, as only the English can be, who have not travelled far enough in the United

States to understand the habits of the remoter people. Not that I mind if the maids use the writing-tables, so long as I find a free one for my own use—only I was surprised. A little surprised, too (at first), because everyone (especially the men students) joked with these waitresses throughout the meals. I put this down to the habits of a democracy that was so much more democratic than my own. They joked too with Jimmie, the lad who helped in the kitchen and who had helped to unload the luggage from my car. He used to come to my cabin on stormy mornings before I was up and make a fire for me to dress by. Jimmie was shabby, unshaven, dirty and completely devoid of 'class' but so obliging and always laughing. Laughter was characteristic, too, of the maids. In the mornings they would go from one châlet to another, Sally and Jenny (Iphigenia), Norah (Eleonora) and Theodora in their Swiss costumes-velvet-corseleted, waving their mops and brooms as cheerfully as possible, singing, laughing, giggling and kodaking.

What a picture to send back 'East' to mother! The Swiss miss and (sometimes this was possible—and oh! what a catch!), a feathered Indian by her side, and accompanied by one of those bear stories . . . My perplexity concerning these maids was eventually enlightened; they were all College Girls, and Jimmie, dear, dirty, freckled Kitchen Jimmy was a College boy, a medical student, nothing less!

One night we had a "Pow-Wow". It was a superb affair, and took place down by the Lake where our Redskin models with their wives and children were encamped in their Tipi's. They dressed themselves up as for a gala, war-paint and all, piled up a wood fire and danced around it.

They drummed and sang, waved their tomahawks and went truly 'native'. It was a scene that is rare nowadays, and with our collective artistic appreciation we realized this. But not only the artists, the College girls, too, threw themselves into the spirit of the thing as we danced the Owl dance each of us with a Redskin for a partner. Tourists arrived by boat from across the Lake, and were duly impressed.

That night, the Lake carried on the party, long after the fire had died down and the lights in the wigwams had flickered and gone out. Most of us were so worked up by the frenzied Redskin

entertainment that we could not think of sleep. This did not matter to the Students who lived independently in their individual châlets and had latch keys, but the college girls who were lodged in the main building found the front door locked when they tried to go to bed. The next morning we learned with no little indignation that they had had to sleep on the beach—and a glacier beach is not much fun even on a July night. The students then held council, and any of us who had a spare bed in our châlets placed it at the disposal of the College maids for any future night, with the assurance that it didn't matter at what hour they knocked upon the door.

Saturdays and Sundays were reserved for expeditions. We were living in a grandiose setting of mountain and forest. Wild flowers grew in luxuriant variety. In the lower meadows and the fringes of woods one found most of the English herbaceous border species. There were spaces covered with delphinium and gaillardia. Further up, in the mountain passes parallel with the snow regions the ground was carpeted with glacier lilies. These are golden yellow and short-stemmed, they resemble a small tiger lily and have a heavy exotic scent. The flower species varied as one ascended from the valley to the mountain heights, and their profusion and beauty drove me nearly distracted with delight.

In all my wanderings, I have never seen a more inspiring landscape. Hans Reiss, who was a born mountaineer, offered to conduct a tour into the unknown, *i.e.*, off the beaten track. He had spent so many summers in that region and knew the mountains as no one else did, not excepting the Park foresters. Several of us volunteered, although warned that it would be hard.

Certainly no mule or pack-horse could have held a footing on those crumbling slopes, and we beheld scenery that had been familiar only to the Red Indians of old : far below us, in a cup formed by the mountains lay *Hidden Lake*. Our voices sent the eagles volplaning from their crags. We were still, in a sense, pioneers.

And so, the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months, until a great Wagnerian storm came thundering through the mountains. It was as if the Gods were shouting " Time's up "!

We had been there long enough. They wanted us gone, the summer was over, and the season of storms was to take over till the Snow Chief claimed it for his kingdom. There would be no humans to rule over, only the birds and the beasts and a frozen lake of ice.

The changes come quickly in these regions and we had to hurry. The painters packed their canvases and the sculptors made their moulds, gaiety gave way to a wave of melancholy. We knew it was the breaking up of something that had been unique, not only in beauty of setting, but in simplicity of life, and sincerity of purpose. Something was ended that for each one of us individually could perhaps never be repeated, and we were all agreed that the experience had been well worth while and would remain for ever in our hearts.

OLIGARCHY IN NEWFOUNDLAND

By Thomas Lodge

IN May of this year the Secretary of State stated in the House of Commons that there was certainly no doubt as to the substantial economic progress made in Newfoundland under the Commission of Government. He made this statement at a time when the two paper mills, which are together responsible for nearly half the value of the total production of the island, were working restricted hours for the first time for years, and when the outlook for the cod-fishing—from which at least half the population of the island attempt to obtain a livelihood, miserably inadequate at the best—was blacker than it had been for many years.

That any real improvement in the basic economic situation has taken place is simply not true. As a consequence of temporary capital expenditure, the employment situation in 1937 was alleviated, the number on relief during the winter reduced, and the income of the Government artificially swollen. There is, however, no change in the real situation. Certainly one-third, perhaps one-half, of the population of the island are living under conditions for which it would be difficult to find a parallel outside the more squalid parts of the Balkans—underfed, ill-housed, scourged by tuberculosis and hopeless.

The main responsibility lies on the Secretary of State by his own decision. In my opinion it ought not to lie on him. Five years ago Great Britain did violence to all the principles of democracy on which this Empire has been built and imposed upon a purely white population, 100% of our own stock, a constitution which gave to them no voice whatever in the choice of their governing body. I find it easy enough to defend the original decision of H.M. Government and of Parliament, given the circumstances of the time. What to my mind is indefensible is the failure of the Government to deal with the problem as

a live issue requiring something more than the writing and reading of sonorous despatches and the mechanical production of baseless optimistic answers.

The Commission of Government should have been a body carrying squarely the responsibility for the government of the country and for finding a basis for economic reconstruction. I am quite aware of the constitutional difficulty involved in such a body having at its disposal money provided by a vote of the House of Commons, with the implied responsibility of a Minister of the Crown. My answer to this is that H.M. Government and Parliament had come to a major decision of policy, the proper execution of which was inconsistent with the retention by the House of Commons of that right of detailed criticism which it exercises over Ministers of the Crown in London in respect of their own Departments.

When the question of the real powers of the Commission arose, as it was bound to arise sooner or later, the Secretary of State of the day laid down that it was open to him to review, and inferentially to revise, months after the event, a decision of purely local importance unanimously affirmed and re-affirmed by the Commission. I am not concerned whether, from a legal point of view, this decision was inevitable, once the question was raised. At the time I was not interested in academic constitutional questions; I was sharing, or thought I was sharing, the full responsiblity for the government of the country. In my opinion that decision of the Secretary of State destroyed any chance of the Commission, *as then or now constituted*, ever achieving the main object of its existence—the economic rehabilitation of Newfoundland. I protested at the time but in the end, for a variety of reasons, I acquiesced. I regret now that I did so, but the ruling itself relieves me of responsibility for my acquiescence.

The ruling destroyed what little sense of complete corporate responsibility had hitherto animated the proceedings of the Commission. It is common knowledge in St. John's that in the whole period of three years during which I was a member of the Government uncritical acquiescence in decisions of policy within the Commission was not incompatible with chilly indifference or open hostility at the dinner table. It might still have been

possible for a tolerably efficient government to have functioned, if the Secretary of State had faced the logical consequences of his assumption of complete detailed responsibility. It was then his plain duty to have seen that his Department was adequately equipped for the responsibility which he had declared to be his in the face of the practically unanimous views of the Commission. It was his plain duty to satisfy himself both as to the soundness of the policy which the Commission was following and the vigour with which it was being prosecuted. He did not do so. He was aware in 1936 that beneath the appearance of unanimity there were grave differences of opinion and acute friction inside the Commission. He did nothing whatever to resolve these differences.

In the winter of 1935-6 I left with officials in the Dominions Office a memorandum in which I expressed the view that in essentials there was a fundamental divergence of view between the Commission and the Dominions Office; that the Dominions Office was still under the influence of the Report of the Royal Commission, which assumed that the cod-fishing always would be the economic mainstay of the island, that consequently all that was necessary was good technical government combined with some tinkering with the machinery of the industry, and then, somehow and somewhen, prosperity would return to the island; that in my view this was fundamentally wrong and that the only hope of economic rehabilitation lay in a radical transformation of the life of the island based on land and agricultural development, I still think that I was right, but whether I was right or not does not vitiate the soundness of my main plea, which was that the Dominions Office should either satisfy themselves positively that the Commission was following the right policy or alternatively get a Commission which would find and follow the right policy.

My memorandum elicited no response. At the time I put down my failure to extract a definite view to the ingrained reluctance of the bureaucratic mind to face decisions on fundamentals before circumstances forced an issue. I have since learnt that the refusal was deliberate. To Downing Street my position was assimilated to that of a subordinate official in a Colonial administration, and it would have been improper on their part to have engaged in discussions of general

policy with anyone but the officer administering the government. It was irrelevant that the new Governor, who was about to take office, was a distinguished sailor with no experience of dealing with financial and economic problems. There was only one way in which the official machine could work, and if the personalities involved were such as to interfere with the functioning of the machine, so much the worse for the problems to be solved.

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It may be exceedingly difficult to solve the Newfoundland problem ; it is easy enough to set out the main elements. The island has a population of approximately 300,000, There is a national debt of £20 millions, and public expenditure is of the order of £2½ millions. Each amount is less than half the corresponding *per capita* figure for Great Britain. The bare unqualified comparisons have, of course, no exact value because Newfoundland has, on the one hand, nothing like the accumulated wealth or natural resources of Great Britain, and, on the other hand, no defence or diplomatic liabilities.

There are four, and only four, industrial enterprises of any importance. There are two newsprint mills—one recently acquired by the Bowater interests, and the other controlled by the *Daily Mail*. There is one important lead-zinc mine at Buchans and one very large deposit of iron ore on Bell Island. These four concerns between them account for at least one-half and perhaps two-thirds of the value of the whole production of material commodities in or around the island. All four are wholly owned by interests domiciled outside the island. Their value to the island is merely a wage and taxation value. Prosperity may bring an increase in wages ; adversity a restriction in hours. Their products are wholly consumed outside the island. The demand for them and their prices are determined by world forces outside the influence of any Newfoundland Government.

The lead-zinc mine, at the rate of extraction in 1937, has a known life of about 10 years. At the prices of lead and zinc which ruled in 1937 it is a prosperous concern. Bell Island has one of the largest known deposits of iron ore in the world. It is for the time being prosperous as a result of the civil war in Spain which has stimulated the demand for ore. It is an ore

whose iron content compares with the Spanish but which has a high silicon content entailing rather special furnace arrangements. Prior to the trouble in Spain it had not found a ready market outside Canada (where it is used in large quantities by the Nova Scotian interests which operate the Bell Island mine) and Germany. Its extended use in England, apart from the artificial demand created by the Spanish war, is a function not merely of its technical value but also, and perhaps more, of the high policy of the international steel world—a world completely outside the influence of any Newfoundland Government, and perhaps outside the comprehension of the Dominions Office.

Between them these four concerns provide a tolerable living for perhaps one-quarter of the population. There is a little farming—for 1937 the Commission estimated the total value of the produce at about $3,000,000. There is a little logging for interests other than the two newsprint mills, and there are a few more tiny enterprises.

The rest of the population, apart from the merchant, legal, clerical and administrative sections, endeavours to extract a livelihood directly from the fisheries, principally cod-fishing. According to the 1935 census 35,000 males gave fishing as their occupation and over 34,000 described themselves as cod-fishermen. The latter is probably an untrustworthy figure, as when the Commission attempted to estimate the number actually employed in the different sections they could only find a total of about 22,000. But unfortunately there is no doubt that of the whole population at least one-half, and perhaps nearly two-thirds are dependent for their existence on the results of fishing of all kinds. For 1937 the total value of fishery products of all descriptions, at the point when they left the island, is given as $6.8 millions. This gross figure has first to carry the material cost of production in the form of salt, petrol, ships and sails, and then the remuneration of the relatively large merchant and exporting class. Any casual visitor to St. John's can see that this class manages somehow or other to lead a life of moderate comfort. There is no reason why its members should not lead such lives. All the processes in which they engage are legitimate and indeed praiseworthy, and the cessation by any individual would benefit nobody.

Nevertheless, that what is left does not and cannot provide an adequate living for 30,000 fishermen is clear beyond a doubt. In 1936 one of the St. John's newspapers gave as its estimate of the value of the gross production of the average fisherman for a whole year the figure of $125, and as its estimate of the value left to the average fisherman when the supplies for his voyages had been paid for, just nil. I myself think that $100 was nearer the true figure than $125 and that the average fisherman ended the season in debt on his fishing operations. Either estimate conceals human tragedy. To-day the situation is no better, but probably much worse.

The principal fish item is dried cod, which is a poor article of food sold to poor people in poor countries. There happen to be numbered among its main markets a disproportionate number of countries whose financial position is precarious by their own fault or by the visitation of Providence—Italy, Spain, Brazil. During the last four years a tremendous amount of attention has been concentrated on the machinery of the industry with no obviously successful results. It may well be that further concentration will achieve somewhat better results, but the unpleasant fact is that an industry which only results in a production of a total value of £1 million cannot provide for 30,000 fishermen even if by taking great thought the £1 million is increased to £1,100,000.

To my mind a radical transformation of the economic basis of the life of the country is essential. It may well be that a restoration of peace in Latin Europe or a modification in the internal policy of Brazil may improve the markets for dried cod and increase the return. It may be that an outlet can be found in America for herring and fillets. But the sum total of what could thus be achieved on the most optimistic hypothesis is pathetically inadequate.

When I had been in the island a few weeks I made a speech urging that such a transformation should be considered. At the time my views were dismissed as those of an inexperienced visitor which time would doubtless modify. I venture to think that to-day there would be general agreement in St. John's that a radical transformation was necessary even, though from time to time Commissioners and others indulge in oratorical flights, in

which they bravely refuse to share in pessimism about the fishing industry, and in which they wax lyrical about the development of the wonderful, but unspecified, natural resources of the island. But so far no orator comes down to earth with a pencil and a piece of paper on which he puts down the cold figures which would convince the world that if only this, or that, improvement were effected in the methods of the industry, if only Italy and Spain and Brazil would behave with due regard to the interests of Newfoundland's main industry, then the picture would change completely and there would be an ample fund from which 30,000 fishermen could draw a comfortable, or even a tolerable, living.

At least five thousand, perhaps as many as ten thousand, families ought to be taken away from the fishing industry, not, maybe, in the sense that their members shall never again fish but most definitely in the sense that their families shall not be wholly, or even mainly, dependent upon the results of fishing.

What alternative occupations are there for these people and what undeveloped natural resources are there in Newfoundland, not in the perorations of political speeches, but in cold fact?

The two newsprint mills between them exploit fully roughly two-thirds of the timber resources of the island. Until recently it had been hoped that the Bowater interests would put up a third mill, for the production of sulphite pulp, in the Gander area, but these hopes have been disappointed.

The public in Newfoundland has been told so often about the richness of the natural resources of the island that it has come to take for granted that there is enormous potential mineral-wealth, the exploitation of which only awaits commonsense action by the Government. There is no evidence that this is so, that is to say evidence which, embodied in a prospectus, would have any chance of attracting the very large amounts of capital which mineral developments on the modern scale invariably need.

There are, after all, only a few metals or minerals of which the world uses large quantities. Lead and zinc are represented by the Buchans mine, and it is within my own knowledge that the interests which operate that mine have spared no effort to

discover additional deposits, with so far only qualified success. The iron ore mine on Bell Island is apparently being fully worked at present.

What else is there? There are hopes of gold which for some years have been investigated by outside gold interests without concrete results. There are deposits of low grade copper-sulphur ores, quite well known to the major interests concerned with those elements, but apparently not attractive enough to warrant exploitation. No one will deny that *something* may be done to develop mineral resources but one does not need to be a mining expert to realize that, on the present known facts, no government dare place reliance on such developments for the employment of any but a small fraction of the workers of the country.

An alternative occasionally urged in Newfoundland is that the Government should foster the establishment of industries which could transform imported raw materials into manufactured articles which could be exported. Those who urge this seem hardly to realize that Newfoundland has no obvious physical advantages which would make the establishment of such enterprises financially attractive, and certain disadvantages which cannot be gainsaid. But whatever the physical factors, a population of 300,000 can only give a relatively trifling home market for any manufactured product and in the modern world of nationalistic protection, tariffs would present an insuperable barrier to any Newfoundland product.

The inexorable logic of facts points to land development as the only solution. No one, of course, would argue that Newfoundland is an ideal country in which to farm. Its winter is long; it is liable to frosts in almost every month in the year; the growing season is too short for wheat to ripen. But the climate is better than its reputation, and, though wheat may not ripen, most other things can be grown successfully. Sheep and cattle can be successfully grazed. All over the island, but specially on the west coast, farming is carried on, even if a little primitively, and the districts where it is carried on are the healthiest in the country.

What is needed is a vigorous policy of land clearing, land draining and land settlement. Families ought to be taken

away from rocky settlements where fishing will clearly never again provide a living and concentrated in localities offering some hope. There is plenty of land which could be cleared or drained and all over the island there are thousands of families just existing on the border line of starvation in the most appalling conditions of squalor.

Land settlement on this scale is, of course, no easy task; it calls for organization, energy, vision. It also calls for the courage to face unpopularity, for there is no denying that the only vocal section of the community is intensely sceptical about the possibilities and openly hostile to any large-scale experiment. The exact reasons for the hostility are not easy to determine. Criticism was, of course, directed against the expense involved but that cannot have been a vital factor for the Commission could spend equivalent amounts on a palliative like the salt rebate, which had no permanent value, and nobody said a word. The same scale of expenditure could be applied to agricultural development in connection with particular fishing settlements and no criticism was heard.

But of all the projects of the first Commission none was subjected to the same steady flow of criticism as the attempt which was made, by taking 100 families or so away from prolonged unemployment in St. John's or hopeless misery on the South-West Coast, and settling them on the land, to transform them into independent self-respecting citizens. But though the local opinion was hostile it is remarkable that no visitor from outside looked at this experiment without being enthusiastic in its praise. It was the first attempt ever made on the island to effect a complete social transformation, based on an adequate and appropriate education of the children.

I had no share in the inception of the scheme; for half my term of office it was under another Commissioner. But I took a very great interest in it and finally became departmentally responsible. I am impenitent. I believe that fundamentally it was the best scheme of land settlement yet devised in English-speaking countries. That the main colony has languished since my departure there is no gainsaying, but on the other hand, two offshoots in other parts of the island have achieved a success which in England would be regarded as spectacular. In each of

these a score of families, translated from hopeless squalor and put to clear virgin land, had secured substantial material independence within 18 months at a gross cost per family of about £400—a cost which included the provision of a house and every item of maintenance.

However, as soon as I had given up office the Commission committed themselves publicly to the view that the results up to date were negative and that drastic changes of method were called for. Their policy was to be "Rural Reconstruction", but some—undisclosed—difficulties appear to have arisen, and nothing much seems to have happened in 1937 until, at the end of the year, Professor Hanley of Durham was asked to report on agricultural development. His report has not been published—for reasons which it is not easy to understand. Its contents are widely known, and there is nothing confidential in it. It is just an objective description of a state of affairs with the advice of a distinguished scientist as to the methods to be adopted to improve it.

The Commission may have agreed upon a consistent coherent policy with the Secretary of State, but it has so far failed to make any intelligible exposition of its policy to the public in the island. The fact that it has recently had to invoke further assistance from the British Ministry of Agriculture would seem to indicate that that policy has not yet crystallized itself. The problem may be difficult; it is not complex. It is one which calls for one brain rather than seven, much less eight. Seven Commissioners tend metaphorically to get in one another's way, and occasionally the temptation to pose as weary Titans is irresistible.

No unprejudiced visitor to Newfoundland could fail to realize that public opinion is becoming more and more critical of the Commission, more and more dissatisfied with the results of oligarchic government. We have seen this year what trouble the neglect of first principles and the postponement of decisions has brought to Trinidad and Jamaica. To put Newfoundland right will cost a little clear thinking in Downing Street and possibly a couple of million pounds spent over the next few years. Not to put Newfoundland right will cost us our prestige and twenty million pounds, which is the amount of the debt we have guaranteed. It is a high price to pay for bureaucratic mediocrity!

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Sir,

Mr. Kingsmill's article *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Oscar Wilde*, printed in your September issue, conforms to the style most in favour among reviewers of Harris' *Life of Wilde*, inasmuch as it is largely about the reviewer himself, his books and his opinion of Frank Harris. We are not competent to judge the quality of the article as an autobiographical fragment; but when —as occasionally happens—Mr. Kingsmill deals with the Life of Wilde as a *book* he makes two false statements which we would ask for an opportunity to correct.

On p. 300 he says :—" When Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan published a dispassionate unmelodramatic account of Wilde in his last years, the jacket of the book contained (*sic*) a tribute from Bernard Shaw in which he said that Mr. O'Sullivan's account would prove a valuable corrective to Frank Harris's."

We enclose a copy of the O'Sullivan jacket on which, as you will see, Mr. Shaw says nothing of the kind, nor mentions in any connection either Harris or the book.

On p. 301 Mr. Kingsmill says :—" The reception accorded to this authoritative hotchpotch (i.e., Harris's *Life of Wilde* as published by us) has been unanimously hostile," and proceeds to quote Mr. Desmond MacCarthy and Mr. Harold Nicolson.

Agreed that they were hostile; so also were Mr. Coulson Kernahan and Mr. B. Ifor Evans. But seeing that Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. Edmund Blunden, Mr. Arnold Palmer and the leader writer of the *Times Literary Supplement* were as favourable as the others were unfavourable, we repudiate Mr. Kingsmill's " unanimously ", and repeat that the statement printed in his article is false, misleading and damaging to ourselves.

Yours etc.,

CONSTABLE & Co., LTD.

10, Orange Street,
London, W.C.2.

We are glad to publish this letter and regret any offence that may have been given to Messrs. Constables by our contributor's statement.—Ed. FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Mr. Hugh Kingsmill replies—" I am quite ready to substitute ' extremely hostile ' for ' unanimously hostile '. I quoted Mr. Shaw's tribute to Vincent O'Sullivan from memory. Mr. Shaw did not mention Harris by name, but his disavowal of his earlier view that Harris gave a truthful picture of Wilde's last days is even stronger than I had remembered. ' These reminiscences ', Mr. Shaw writes of Mr. O'Sullivan's *Aspects of Wilde* :' . . . should be published if only to clean up the superfluous mud that has been heaped on the story of Oscar Wilde's last days in Paris. Mr. O'Sullivan, an authentic personal acquaintance of Wilde in those days . . .gives *the first sane and credible description of him*". The italics are mine.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

ALL initiative in Europe had been left to Herr Hitler, and that initiative had included, as Mr. Churchill pointed out, the singularly disturbing step of calling out on a war footing a million and a half of men. That weighty warning has somewhat supplied the need felt for popular direction in Great Britain; it is not conceivable that Mr. Chamberlain and his Cabinet should view with complacency and even with indifference this most dangerous and provocative proceeding, but they had refrained from comment; and there was serious reason to apprehend that the British public would take it as a normal example of autumn manœuvres. Mr. Churchill's value to the nation remains, even when he is not utilized in office; and if urgent need arose those who reckon up the resources of the British Empire would have to count with him—a man probably now at the very top of his powers, full of an energy that he has displayed by the completion of an immense literary task. To write the life of Marlborough was a kind of post-graduate schooling in statesmanship—above all for the statesmanship that is needed in war emergency. Were he in charge of affairs at present, it is probable that he would have exercised less cautious patience than Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax, but it is plain that Herr Hitler's intention was to produce a landslide in Czech territory, with the German army tumbling to the aid of the so-called oppressed. Mr. Chamberlain's dramatic action at best stopped that landslide. Meanwhile the Czech Government got a breathing-space to act, and acted with temperate decision. The utter stampede which was threatened was thereby averted. A very able Englishman had been sent to help to mediate, and by the common consent of Europe—apart from Germany—the Czech Government had gone very far indeed in con-

Who Leads?

cessions. At the moment when I write it looks as if these concessions were to be cast aside by the Czech Nazis, who are in constant touch with Herr Hitler; and there begin to be disquieting suggestions of another way—the way of a clean cut. That way if it were followed would mean one more victory for the policy of brutal force. If it were followed with the consent of England, it would be counted as a betrayal of freedom.

Various writers have said that England professed to stand for the right of self-determination. It is true there was profession; but every Irishman will remember, as I do, that Ireland was forced to fight for the right of self-determination by such means as were available to a small unarmed country. I remember also that the principle of self-determination was applied to Protestant Ulster, and partition was contrived, with results very unpleasing to the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland, who suffer, so far as I can ascertain, from exactly those disabilities of which the Sudeten Germans complain, and which the Czech Government has now consented, under friendly pressure from Great Britain, to remedy. No such pressure has been applied to the Ulster Government. I myself, though few Nationalist Irishmen agree with me, believe that the position of the minority in Ulster will gradually better itself, because the country is conducted on a basis of free institutions; and the self-determination accorded to Protestant Ulster assumed and implied such institutions. But if Ulster's claim to govern itself had implied in advance that, for example, no Jew or person of Jewish race would be allowed to follow a profession or establish a business in the country, would that have seemed to the English public legitimate self-determination? If it had implied also that every citizen in the area was to be deprived of what we count the ordinary rights of citizenship, would England have stood for such self-determination—even if a majority of the inhabitants desired under the impulse of a racial fanaticism to relinquish individual freedom? I think not. Free countries stand for self-determination as a pledge of freedom. To apply the principle of self-determination by handing over to the Reich those districts where Herr Henlein or his partisans can secure a

The Irish Parallel

majority would be handing over the Czech minority in them—free men accustomed to free institutions—into a state of bondage.

What is at Stake in Czechoslovakia

That is what every man in France will say. But in France they will say also that to hand over the Sudeten districts will break the strategic frontier of Czechoslovakia—a frontier now strongly and skilfully fortified—and will open the way to further advances by a predatory Power. Nor is that all. To propose that the Sudeten Germans shall be incorporated in the Reich is virtually to admit the underlying pan-German claim, which is no less than the absorption into one mass of all the German race—whether it lives in Switzerland, in Alsace-Lorraine, or on the fringes of Denmark and the Netherlands—and of course the South Tyrol. I have no wish to see what in the days of Fox and Sheridan was called a war of opinion—we prefer now to talk about a war of ideologies. But I had sooner see such a war come when it can be fought by the free countries united in defence of freedom than after their force had been reduced by defection and disagreement. At the moment, all the evidence is that America has a much stronger feeling against Germany and for the democratic countries than in 1914. How would that feeling be affected if England were to put pressure on Czechoslovakia to submit to dismemberment—at the bidding of what is certainly to some degree a coerced German element in her territory, and of a coercing Great Power without?

The Schemer of Rome

Italy lies low. It is said that the Duce behind the scenes has urged and is urging moderation on the *Führer*. It is certain that he would wish this to be believed. But the way for Italy to make pressure effective would be to improve relations with France, and there is not the least indication of a wish to bring this about. Coldly considered, there is one Power in Europe which has some reason to wish that Hitler's action in regard to Czechoslovakia should bring about a war in which Germany would be faced by France, England and the Soviet Republic, backing Czechoslovakia's resistance. That power is Italy, which might claim a high price for standing out of the conflict—and, if her armies were unexhausted while others battered themselves to pieces, might be

indeed in a most desirable position. Spain and the Western Mediterranean would then indeed offer chances. If indeed Italy does help to avoid the outbreak of hostilities, Signor Mussolini will have deserved well of Europe. There is no use in pretending that war is not a near possibility, when French troops are called out to man the Maginot line. The French, probably, are convinced that the technical military authorities in Germany consider the risks of war too great to be taken; but it is no longer the General Staff that has the last word. Decisions will be taken by a man who has the ardour of a prophet and who has once at least successfully disregarded the cousel of his military advisers.

A glance into Signor Mussolini's mind would show, I imagine, something much more orderly and coherent than would be found in Herr Hitler's; but the coils of calculation would be deeply involved. The one phase of his action hard to follow is the lapse into Jew-baiting; yet even this is accompanied by a plan. Proscription of the Jewish element is not to apply to Abyssinia, where apparently Jewish settlement is to be permitted and even encouraged—for a good reason. Italy is unable to exploit Abyssinia for lack of capital: if Jewry could be persuaded to favour this scheme, capital would be soon found. Heaven knows, some place of refuge for that persecuted race is badly needed; but would they trust themselves under a Power which has already so unexpectedly struck them so foul a blow? Still, with Palestine in the hopeless condition which to-day discredits British reputation for power to administer or to plan, it is possible that Jewry might accept a place of refuge that would offer at least as favourable opportunities for skilled and enterprising cultivators, such as the Jews have shown themselves to be in Palestine.

But on the whole, this world never looked uglier; the only consoling thought is that when people are so seriously frightened, the best civilizations make ready to defend what they care for. In England the Trades Union Congress, among a good many wild and whirling words, has at least made it clear that Mr. Chamberlain's Government need not fear lack of support in a resolute defence of Czechoslovakia. In France difficulties have been caused by labour troubles, but M. Daladier has

boldly insisted that the main port for African communications shall be kept in full working trim, and, as M. Briand did before him with the railwaymen, has called out the dockers of Marseilles under their military obligation. Possibly Herr Hitler may denounce this as a provocative gesture, no less wanton than the manning of the Maginot line.

* * * * *

The Mind of Maurice Hewlett

Friends of Maurice Hewlett will be glad that an American man of letters, Mr. Bruce Sutherland, has published a detailed account of his work—rather a *catalogue raisonné* than a judicial criticism, yet sympathetically and informingly critical. The title *Maurice Hewlett, Historical Romancer*, indicates sufficiently the side of Hewlett's work to which he attaches most importance. Though he recognizes that the man himself desired chiefly to be a poet, and thought of himself as a poet (perhaps with leanings at the end to another title, that of philosopher) Mr. Sutherland dismisses that very interesting work, *The Song of the Plow*, with the observation that Hewlett's power of expression in poetry was "unequal to the greatness of his conception". It is true, I think, that Hewlett never completely vitalized anything that he wrote in verse. He carried too great a load of learning; it hampered his stride. But in prose he walked into the arena singing and shouting, though *The Forest Lovers* had as much erudition behind it as might have smothered a battalion of romancers. He never quite recaptured that first fine careless rapture—if one can speak of carelessness when a work has been four times written and re-written; but first and last, there was something about him which challenged the imagination as no other writer of his time could do.

Hewlett's Sensuous Power

Yes, Maurice Hewlett was unlike anybody else, and Mr. Bruce Sutherland partly helps to account for this by letting us know how oddly he was educated—at one Grammar School after another till at fourteen his father sent him and his brother to "the International College at Spring Grove, Isleworth", which was an offshoot of the International Exhibition of 1851. Here "Brazilians, Chilians, Nicaraguans, Portugese, negroes, Jews and natives from various far-flung outposts of the Empire mingled" with the home

products. Hewlett hated the place and he did not like his father. Yet, growing up in his father's house, he grew up in a mediævalist's library, and when he was called to the bar, he followed his father's track as a student of antiquarian law—delving in a quarry of " monastic documents, original charters, warrants, surveys of Crown Lands and the Farm Rents " ; and he actually succeeded his father, as head of the Land Revenue Record Office. Since, like Walter Scott, he was a born story-teller, and instinctively visualized those knights in armour, monks and great ladies whose names appeared in the records, he lived almost from childhood in an imaginary world, but one which he had surprising power to make real. For as Edith Wharton has written (in a passage quoted by Mr. Sutherland)

> " he could render with inimitable vividness any impression received through the so-called five senses—anything that could be heard, seen, smelt, touched, tasted ".

He could render with the same vividness what Scott always avoided suggesting—the urgency of physical desire, in its grossest and in its most refined manifestations. He was an exciting author, and there lay much of his popularity.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

LIFE AND LETTERS

By B. Ifor Evans

R WALTER SCOTT, Bart., by Sir Herbert Grierson. *Constable*. 18*s*. *net*.

)HN GAY, by Phoebe Fenwick Gaye. *Collins*. 18*s*. *net*.

URNS—By Himself, by Keith Henderson. *Methuen*. 12*s*. 6*d*. *net*.

Of all types of writing biography is the ost plaguey. No man can tell all the uth about himself, still less about hers. In one manner, biography nerges into fiction, and in another duces itself to a list of facts. Between ese extremities lie all other methods. the three volumes noticed here, Mr. eith Henderson on Burns promises to the simplest. He undertakes to Burns tell "the whole of his own ory in his own words", by making a nnected narrative out of a series of cerpts from the poems and the ters. It sounds easy, but there is dreadful warning in the introduction at Mr. Henderson is to do some iet "shortening of long prose riods". Actually he mangles phrases m the letters until they are almost recognizable when compared with the xts in J. de Lancey Ferguson's ndard edition. He stitches, he tches, he cuts out and then, almost nically, calls the garment 'Burns, by nself'. The volume is not unenter-ning, and Mr. Henderson does not tort the general picture of Burns as nmonly accepted, but why should e prefer what Mr. Henderson thinks rns ought to have written to what he ually wrote? He says the method has not been used before. May it never be used again! In compensation there are sixty-eight pleasant illustrations prepared by Mr. Henderson himself. Some of them are so charming that one can almost forgive the text.

Miss Gaye works on an entirely different plan. She began as a novelist, and I still remember, when I used to review fiction, suddenly finding the strong narrative of her *Vivandière*, coming as a man-made book among the novels that seemed to be turned out by the mass-production belt of mechanized fiction. Now she elects to write on John Gay, known to posterity as the author of "The Beggar's Opera", and to his contemporaries as a dramatist and poet, the friend of Swift and Pope, the innocent and pampered darling of great ladies, including the Duchess of Queensberry. To anyone who knows the first-hand material for the life of Gay the mystery will be how Miss Gaye can make a large book of nearly five hundred pages. She relies on her powers of creating background and her undoubted powers of style. Personally, I find that she relies on them too much. She marches through the volume lighting a series of irrelevant squibs to give a pyrotechnic display, whenever the narrative is in danger of becoming dull. When I find a writer of Miss Gaye's discernment perpetrating epigrams of the quality of—'It's a long worm that has no turning'—I dread the dangers that the discipline of biography can impose on the best of writers. Yet Miss Gaye has written a vivacious book

with a vivid account of all of the eighteenth century that Gay touched, and he and his friends touched most of it. It is the best book on Gay so far, though this is a back-handed compliment.

Sir Herbert Grierson is, of course, a writer of a different calibre. He is the rare combination of scholar, and critic, and man of letters. His edition of Donne has been more responsible than any other work for a revolution in contemporary poetry. His 'Milton and Wordsworth' is a piece of fighting criticism with historical discernment allied to a humane interest in life. If I say that his life of Scott is a scholar's life, it may be necessary in these debased days to add that it is well written. It differs from popular biography because it contains valuable new matter. Sir Herbert comes to its composition fresh from the gargantuan task of editing Scott's letters, and he has at least the consolation of knowing that he has a greater command of his subject than anyone ever had. Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law, wrote a life, which like Boswell's life of Johnson cannot be superseded. But Lockhart had constructed "a carefully composed picture"; he was often inaccurate not only in detail but by "a somewhat surprising element of what appears to be sheer invention of a picturesque and dramatic character". Sir Herbert's life supplements Lockhart, corrects the picture, while remaining a narrative complete within itself. It is impossible here to rehearse all the new material which he presents. The story of Lady Scott, and the mysterious life of her mother are recounted more fully than ever before, and so are Scott's financial transactions. Sir Herbert does not completely exonerate Scott, but the real villain of the piece is not Scott or the Ballantynes, or Constable, but Cadell, who helped to make the final disaster more severe, and who lived long enough to make a handsome profit from Scott, commenting self-complacently; 'Strange to think that all the Ballantynes and Constable are gone, and I am left alone of those behind the curtain during so many critical years! . . . and have cuckooed all these men out of their nests, firmly seated in which they all were at the time". All three volumes contain complaints about publishers, Gay of Tonson, Burns of Mr. Creech, and Scott of Cadell, so it may not be inappropriate to add in compensation a word of commendation of a firm of publishers for the house of Constable have now completed as memorable a centenary tribute as any writer ever had, in their noble edition in twelve volumes of Scott's letters and of this accompanying life.

The most interesting thing about an artist should be his work, or at least his life related to his work. I sometimes imagine that Shakespeare must have made a bonfire of all biographical material in his Stratford garden so that we should concentrate on the plays. Mr. Henderson introduces as much of Burns's work as his method will allow. He brings out, to some extent, the pathos of the fact that the artist in Burns was destroyed by the visit to Edinburgh in 1786 when society pampered him, tried to spoil him, and then flung him aside like a soiled garment. Miss Gaye, with all her piquancy, leaves the problem of Gay unsolved. He always seems to do better work than his personality would suggest, and whether he thrived on pampering still remains a mystery. SirHerbert concludes his volume on Scott with a firm and original contribution to criticism. To the expanse and originality of Scott's genius he pays generous tribute, but he stands well on this side of idolatry. He wonders whether "if he had held any view with greater and clearer singleness of mind, had there been less of division between his imagination and his sense of the reality of things, it might or would have lent to his heroes, and not to these alone but to the historical characters, more intensity and interest"

THE CHALLENGE OF THE WEST

By W. Horsfall Carter

EACE WITH THE DICTATORS? by Sir Norman Angell. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

HE CRUMBLING OF EMPIRE, by M. J. Bonn. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

RITAIN AND THE DICTATORS, by R. W. Seton-Watson. *Cambridge University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Our Continental friends may well spair of the obstinate refusal of the nglishman to provide a basis of herent thought for individual or tional action. Sir Norman Angell nds almost alone in practising what r. Wickham Steed aptly calls the decency of "intellectual nudism." his latest exposure the author of *e Great Illusion*, *The Unseen Assassins*, ., has surpassed himself. I defy yone to find a more compelling tement of the German case than the st section—"The German Speaks"—the symposium with which this ntemporary *mappa mundi* is introced. While Part II., devoted to an amination of the Pacifist position is gely a repetition of the author's ll-known thesis as to the equivalence peace and *international* defence, and perhaps a shade too ratiocinative, e Summary and Conclusions catch up threads admirably in a first-rate passionate assessment of the present icial situation—one in which

> "our national interest in holding the ower of Germany in check is crossed by eep moral and religious convictions, social nd economic interests, which favour her ncreased power as against potential allies ithout whom we cannot defend ourselves t all."

The champion of Germany sees a world in utter chaos, with, evidently, some process or principle of degeneration at work, and infers that "we must dominate that chaos and disintegration, or share it, become one of its victims". Germany has taken her decision, has made "the Roman choice", any other would be "treason to our blood, our race, our destiny". For such is the lesson of history. Britain, which has enjoyed her era of expansion, ought to appreciate that the German race "is now at a stage comparable to your Elizabethan period", it has yet to play its rôle on the world stage, in succession to the French and British Empires, "now held by rather old, rather fat, rather lazy, somnolent hands". At present "you are attempting to thwart an irresistible historical process": whereas England, following Germany, should break away from the hybrid or mongrel States in Europe (!) and help to establish "that Anglo-German power which may restore some sort of order to this distracted world".

This bald paraphrase fails to do justice to the argument, which, incidentally, gets in some palpable thrusts against the abject half-heartedness of British policy and opinion since 1918—"one half of your country would refuse to fight for the League, the other half for the Empire"—and certainly establishes the contention that the thurifers of democracy and international law and order lack any fighting faith. But it will suffice to show what we are up against. And, plausible though it is, the argument betrays at

once the incurable romanticism and impulse to heroics of the German, together with his inordinate passion for presenting life through the distorting lens of reason in terms of 'either . . . or' (*entweder . . . oder*). The Englishman who replies is entitled to retort "you seem to read history through the Boy's Book of Brave Adventure", and to point out that, in any case, a particular political method appropriate to one age and one set of conditions may simply not be feasible in another era. Curiously enough, the Germans, with their immense scientific achievement, cannot seem to appreciate that the destructive properties of science alone have rendered obsolete so many of their assumptions. And, above all, the analogy from national development, which is invoked to justify German power, is a false one, since "the Anglo-Saxon way has not been one of establishing an Empire but establishing a series of democracies which repudiated empire".

It is this significant historical process within the British realm which the envious epigone-nations constantly overlook. The case of America itself is a shining example, with the faint rash of Imperialism of the youthful Theodore Roosevelt giving place incontinently to the dis-annexation, de-colonizing trends of the past forty years.

Actually, as Dr. Moritz Bonn shows, the interpretation of history of the neo-Imperialists (as of the Marxians) is entirely wrong. On a vast canvas and with an enviable wealth of culture and knowledge Dr. Bonn has depicted in all its manifold manifestations the process of counter-colonization, of empire-breaking, which, has set in, inevitably, since the Declaration of Independence —since the day that mankind accepted the doctrine that 'men were created equal'. In a sense it is a 'decline of the West', accompanied as it is by the disintegration of world economy (the sub-title of the book) but, for such as have eyes to perceive and minds to comprehend, this prodigious change going on all the time is not 'chaos' but rather a transition to a new cosmos.

The rising of the nations, as Dr. Bonn calls it, is a phenomenon which no one has yet adequately studied and described; the revolt, that is to say, of continental nationalism and colonial nationalism, on the one hand, against England's empire of free trade, and, on the other hand, the rebellion of the masses themselves, not merely in Mexico, in Ireland, in Nazi Germany even, but within the confines of the great Empires—against any Imperialist trends. Dr. Bonn might have written a better book if he had kept more rigidly to this single and all-important theme. But he has preferred to include learned chapters on methods of colonization, types of colonies, the value of colonies, etc.—themes, which have already been adequately treated in the book on the Colonial Problem published by the Study Group of the Royal Institute of International Affairs—and somewhat irrelevant attacks on Communism and social militarism or planning (he will have it that the word "comrade" has a military ring!). Nevertheless, it is a remarkable achievement. The conclusion that emerges is that "no single system of economics can be devised to-day which all the world is willing to adopt" and that a political symbiosis of prevailing human creeds is impossible. "Spiritually the world is rent as it never has been rent before".

Surely the only useful contribution from the West is not so much the establishment of a new universalism, such as Dr. Bonn seems to hanker after, as the development of a synthesis of welfare-States made possible by that unification of power which Sir Norman Angell so ably preaches, combined with a better sharing-out of the world's wealth. For the 'Peace Front' *and* the widening of economic opportunity it is Britain's responsibility and privilege to take the initiative.

How woefully British Governments have fallen short of their responsibilities emerges only too clearly from Professor Seton-Watson's detailed analysis of

ritain and Europe since 1918. As an terpretative chronicle of events the ok stands by itself. The author is a beral who has moved with the times— d is under no illusion as to the mensions of the power-problems with nich distracted diplomatists and ıtesmen have to deal or as to the sheer cessity for the British Government d people to show by their actions at they have learnt to 'speak uropean'. Like Sir Norman Angell recognizes that Germany is the y-problem, first, last and all the time. ıe problem facing the rising generation as he says, the defence of peace, not f-regarding 'neutrality' dressed up as ealism "—!

"There are only two ways of avoiding such a war—the honourable one of banding together all pacific elements in a final effort of conciliation, based on adherence to World Order, or the craven one of divesting ourselves of the possessions which our fathers have brought together, and of the responsibilities and duties which have accrued from them, and crouching together in this crowded little island while others scramble for the fragments."

IE LIFE OF LORD DARLING, by Derek Walker-Smith. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

The publishers state that "before death Lord Darling himself chose" biographer. Mr. Walker-Smith has tainly repaid the trust placed in n, for he has written an attractive d throughout interesting account of fascinating man. Those who were vileged to come into personal contact h Darling will be less prone to ticize the author's lack of analytical wers and his hero-worship than ose who, like myself, knew him rely by hearsay and by appearance fore him in court. For all save the ll-bound, the author's eulogies will ve to be heavily discounted. Phrases e "the most famous judge of his ne", "a great judge" and "an l of the bluff and insular British blic" do not ring true to the disning, and even in his preface to the ok Lord Hailsham, while giving full and generous credit to Darling as man and judge, has to discount the claim that he was "a great judge".

Two of my earliest recollections of practice at the Bar concern Darling. As a pupil in chambers I attended a case before him in which a man, injured in the spine in a railway accident, claimed damages from the railway company. A doctor had given evidence that the plaintiff could never recover. But Darling must have his jokes during the hearing. They jarred horribly not only on the young pupil, but on his tougher master. During pupildom also I attended the four hearings of Dallimore v. Williams and Jesson (not mentioned in this book). A bandmaster was suing the officials of a trade union for interfering between himself and his men. Twice juries' verdicts favourable to the plaintiff were upset by the Court of Appeal on account of the judges' bias during the trial. The two judges who tried the case were Ridley and Darling. Both trials were a bad exhibition of prejudice on the Bench.

Mr. Walker-Smith does admit that "perhaps his main weakness as a judge was a certain natural and instinctive impatience in his approach to cases of which the subject-matter did not command his interest". (Could such words be written of "a great judge"?) The book would have been better balanced if the case of Banbury v. Bank of Montreal (1918) had been included. Lord Justice Scrutton's grave criticisms of Darling for his impatience on the Bench in that case, which resulted in enormous loss to the litigants, would have been a powerful deterrent to hero-worship. The author gives prominence to Darling's handling of the war-time trial of Mr. Pemberton-Billing, but the chapter is rather a justification and a search for the picturesque than an analysis of judicial conduct.

In one respect Mr. Walker-Smith's book is a useful antidote to popular ideas. He shows that Darling did have a considerable practice, both as

junior and as Q.C., before his unexpected appointment to the Bench in 1897. But even the facts set out about his practice can scarcely be held to justify Lord Halsbury's choice. Mr. Walker-Smith himself says that Darling was "lucky to secure the appointment". That Darling made a far better judge than his contemporaries expected does not prove that *The Times* and other papers or Darling's fellow-barristers were wrong in their protests at the time.

The key-note of Darling's character lies in the author's sentence that "Darling never had to face the threat of poverty or hardship". His early inheritance of the fortune of his cousin Menelaus enabled him to indulge in "a cultivation of life in its fuller aspects", but it accounted also for his defects as a judge.

CLAUD MULLINS.

"GERMANY SPEAKS". By 21 leading members of Party and State. *Thornton Butterworth Ltd.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

ARMS AND THE COVENANT. Speeches by The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill. *Harrap.* 18*s.*

The first of these books is quite frankly propagandist. It is written in English for English readers and designed to present to them a particular view of the developments of the last five years in Germany. It is very comprehensive in form, yet in spite of its form the book is more remarkable for its omissions than for what it includes.

First and most important, it omits the German Nazi view of these developments in their totality. The view presented is one which it is desired to inculcate here, not there. To anyone with any knowledge of Nazi Germany at first hand it will be sufficient evidence of this that the book contains no mention of the Nazi doctrine about the value of war and the place of the armed forces in the national life. It contains, in fact, no mention of the armed forces whatever, and no mention of the S.A. or the S.S. or of the forces and functions of any of the political organizations of the Nazi Party. The omission is staggering. Its explanation is simple. It would not have been possible to mention any of these subjects and to leave unclouded the roseate vision of a renewed and recreated Germany which it is desired to inculcate. They have, therefore, been left out. It is rather pathetically assumed that nobody will notice.

But as well as this and other misleading emphases or statements, there is also a more subtle falsification, working often by a verbal analogy between a German phenomenon and a British one, momentarily misleading to a careless eye, but essentially utterly false. It is suggested, for instance, that the drilled and compulsory enthusiasm of Nazi Party rallies expresses much the same feeling as the spontaneous gathering and cheering of the crowds at the Jubilee of King George V. That may be left without comment. Another such suggestion concerns the law according to which a German judge can now inflict punishment for an offence not mentioned in the penal code. This power is compared with English common law, because it does not depend on a written statute.

These are not minor blemishes on an otherwise blameless book. They are typical of the objects and the methods employed throughout. Nevertheless, certain sections are valuable, at least in part. The chapter on women's organizations contains a suggestive and fertile sketch of activities, some of which are worthy of imitation; and the section on the colonial question, by General Ritter von Epp, begins with a summary of the treatment of this matter by the Allies which may usefully be read by those who have only heard the Allied case. It has some quotations which are difficult to explain away.

The appeal, in the final section, to British friendship is adequately answered by many passages in the second of these books. Mr. Winston Churchill is not a Bolshevik, in fact he has declared, and it is recorded here

that if forced to choose between communism and fascism he would choose fascism. Yet he eloquently characterizes the difference between Germany and England :—

> "Here no one questions the fairness of the Courts of Law and justice. Here no one thinks of persecuting a man on account of his religion or his race. Here everyone, except the criminals, looks on the policeman as the friend and servant of the public. Here we provide for poverty and misfortune with more compassion, in spite of all our burdens, than any other country. Here we can assert the rights of the citizen against the State, or criticize the Government of the day, without failing in our duty to the Crown or in our loyalty to the King".

He aptly describes the basic education of German youth as the "philosophy of blood lust". He analyses both in terms of politics and of economics the inevitable choice before such a *régime*, of an internal or an external conflagration. He has, since 1932, developed and expounded a consistent line of policy by which the dangers implicit in such a situation might be met. In spite of the inevitably repetitive nature of a collection of speeches this is a record of logical and consistent political thinking over the last six years, such as it would be difficult to find either in the ranks of the Government, or of the official opposition.

A.M.W.

AFRICANS LEARN TO BE FRENCH, by W. B. Mumford and G. St. J. Orde-Brown. *Evans Brothers*. 5*s*.

AFRICA EMERGENT, by W. M. Macmillan. *Faber*. 15*s*.

The first of these studies was undertaken on behalf of the Colonial Department of the Institute of Education, University of London. The authors made a tour of French West Africa and Algiers with a view to comparing the educational organization and achievements of France in Africa with those of neighbouring British colonies.

There is one outstanding conclusion to be drawn from their survey, though they themselves do not explicitly draw it. It is that neither France nor Britain is making any serious effort to raise the educational level of African populations as a whole. The proportion of children of school age who actually get into School is on the average about 10 per cent., and the proportion of total revenue spent on education is about 4 per cent. Educationally the most advanced of British West African territories is the Gold Coast, where the relevant figures are 13 per cent. and 6 per cent. respectively; and even in this favoured land, as Dr. Mumford has elsewhere reminded us, it will take 1300 years, at the present rate of progress, before the native inhabitants can all read and write their own language. The showing in French territory appears to be no better.

The authors discuss various differences between the French and the British in educational methods and in avowed educational aim. For example, the French prefer to use their own language as a medium of instruction for Africans; the British prefer to use the vernacular. From this and other similar points a contrast is set up between the "British" principle of liberty and the "French" principle of equality, and an attempt is made to read differences of educational policy in the light of the antithesis. This does not advance matters much, since it ignores the consideration that there is no freedom but equal freedom, and that therefore in the social sphere freedom and equality coincide.

There is deeper significance in the generalization, also noted by the authors, that French officials are apt to get on well with educated Africans and badly with "raw natives", while British officials are apt to do exactly the opposite. One recalls T. E. Lawrence's penetrating summary of these differences of national temperament in the Seven Pillars of Wisdom. Since God has not given it to Africans to become English, their duty, we hold, is not to ape the Englishman, but to be good of their own type. Consequently we admire native custom; study the

language; write books about its folklore and dying industries. "The French, though they started with a similar doctrine of the Frenchman as the perfection of mankind (dogma amongst them, not secret instinct), went on, contrarily, to encourage their subjects to imitate them; since, even if they could never attain the true level, yet their virtue would be greater as they approached it. We looked upon imitation as a parody; they as a compliment".

Professor Macmillan, in an impressive study which both raises and advances almost every problem that confronts the British administrator in Africa, considers the social effects of this shortage of educational provision. He speaks of "the perilous isolation of the educated few". Obviously it can only diminish in proportion as the omission of general elementary education comes to be made good. Many Europeans, of course, are afraid that more widespread education would increase discontent. That is one of the reasons why educational progress is as slow as it is. Professor Macmillan points out the irrational nature of this fear, and insists that in fact "it is the exceptional position of the educated that keeps them aloof from their own people, uncertain of themselves and easily unbalanced".

He goes on to disclose that he is a democrat. Not only that: he is one of those dangerous persons who believe that democracy ought to be granted to Africans. He has critical things to say of the system of so-called indirect rule, largely because it has come to be regarded, one might almost say officially, not as a prelude but as an alternative to democracy. For kindred reasons he gives a certain type of anthropologist a severe trouncing. In the view of such people, he complains, the useful working hypothesis that the parts of a "culture" are interdependent is allowed to countenance a judgment which makes the culture as a whole sacrosanct. "Any complex of superstitions rooted in ignorance of elementary physical facts may be dignified not merely as culture, but as civilization. . . . The Christian missionary might reasonably have looked to the anthropologist to help him recapture the lost art of those great medieval teachers who built on the institutions of our own ancestors; he may instead find himself thwarted by a body of opinion claiming scientific warrant for the view that his work is destructive and dangerous".

Professor Macmillan is thus brought finally to the position that Empire and democracy are incompatible. "Empire," he concludes, "remains the negation of free institutions, and the persistence of so many dependent colonies alongside of the Commonwealth is a measure not of achievement, but of failure".

LEONARD BARNES.

THE MIDDLE WAY, by Harold Macmillan. *Macmillan.* 5*s.*

For this interesting elaboration of the theme set forth by Mr. Harold Macmillan in his book *Reconstruction*, he has chosen a title that is itself a challenge and a programme. It deserves to attract the attention of all people who give any serious attention to politics and who have any attachment to the peculiar spirit of our constitution.

There are two major issues of our day; the 'condition of England' question bound up with 'unemployment' and the issue of foreign policy. The first, after an interval, is again with us, and the avowed object of this book is to outline a remedy in a fashion consistent with "the greatest possible measure of freedom" for the individual. The political tradition of Britain, unlike Germany, has been Aristotelian rather than Platonic, a matter of seeking the golden mean, not without the aid of the middle class. This characteristic Mr. Macmillan appreciates.

I have one serious criticism and one only. The two major issues, basically, cannot be separated. The school of

Sir Norman Angell has adequately assured us that no State can live to itself alone. This has consequences, of which one is that it is impossible to advocate a Middle Way in terms only of domestic affairs. We may decide that the spiritual tradition of this Commonwealth determines that Britain shall be detached so far as possible from the ideologies either *rouge* or *noir* and from either Nazi or Marxist alliances. Or we may decide that, *e.g.*, Czech democracy, with or without self-determination, must be supported by Russian troops, whether or not the Czechs desire nothing less in the world than Russian support. For very many people there is no third or 'middle' road beside taking this latter course or betraying Britain (or—is it?—the 'revolution') to Herr Hitler. I do not think that Mr. Macmillan and his group, whatever Sir Walter Layton may say, can halt between three opinions on this matter. However, his final chapter on 'Freedom and Progress' contains, on this point, no guidance. I submit that, if indeed (and flatly in despite of the Marxists) a Middle Way *is* possible, it has clear and startling consequences in foreign policy.

The bulk of the book is occupied with an attempt, eminently worthwhile, to reconcile the principles of the expert State with those of the free State—liberty with planning. Mr. Macmillan seeks to meet the customary and well-grounded accusation against the Liberals that they have understood political liberty but not economic liberty. After chapters on finance and foreign trade, and the advocacy of an organization for guiding capital investment and a national minimum wage, Mr. Macmillan proceeds to a chapter on 'economic security'. The thesis is that, granted overdue measures of industrial rationalization—especially in cases where fluctuation of consumer's demand is, in fact, small—"a greater quantity of goods could be obtained for the recipients by the same expenditure of public money . . . we should be able so to increase the volume of wealth production as to make it possible to raise the incomes of all these classes to the minimum Rowntree charge". Mr. Macmillan recognizes not only that, as a matter of good citizenship, the public health must be a public charge, but further that a quantum of economic security is the necessary complement of the desideratum of political liberty. It is a matter of significance and hope that young Conservatives such as Mr. Macmillan so fully recognize that, here and now, a race is taking place between social reconstruction (Mr. Macmillan does not like the words 'social reform') and revolution. The theme is that capitalism can still pay for this reconstruction and be changed piece-meal. He, however, who essays to travel on this English middle way must consider the clouds over the water in Europe, and must not loiter.

GEORGE CATLIN.

HEAVEN — AND EARTH, by J. Middleton Murry. *Cape*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Murry announced two years ago that he was an absolute pacifist, one, that is, who will not tolerate the appeal to arms in any emergency whatever. About a year ago he further announced that he was a practising and in the main assumptions an orthodox Christian. Aldous Huxley, at one time Mr. Murry's declared enemy, did precisely the same things at about the same time. It is difficult not to see both cases as emotional reaction from previous intellectual excesses.

Not that this would in any case invalidate the present position of either Mr. Murry or Mr. Huxley. It may be that ours is essentially a world in recoil and that those who record a movement of recoil in themselves are the minds most truly and significantly representative of contemporary experience. This is in fact more or less Mr. Murry's thesis. He studies here a series of

representative minds—Chaucer, Montaigne and Shakespeare, Cromwell, Milton, Rousseau and Goethe, Godwin, Wordsworth and Shelley, Marx and Morris—and finds each of them crying halt to the onrushing world in which he lived, recording in himself a revolutionary change, a birth, and at the same time conscious of the death to which it must presently give way. Mr. Murry knows where he is and is not deceived by his own activities. And yet the sense of recoil, penitence for previous heresies, lassitude, produces faults here in what is otherwise a very fine book indeed.

It is, for instance, a far sunnier book than Mr. Murry has previously written, and it shows in Mr. Murry a capacity for enjoyment, both retrospective and present, of which one had not supposed him capable. Mr. Murry has often seemed capable of enjoying only what he thought he described in the distant future. But even this new sunniness becomes at times self-conscious because it is tied to a new dogma (an old one, but new for Mr. Murry) as in the dwelling on Shakespeare's tenderness and on Chaucer's. I find myself, as I read, making a note of the fact that Mr. Murry now refers to Gerard Manley Hopkins as Father Hopkins and that he no longer makes theological mistakes as between immaculate conception and virgin birth. A certain churchy precision has invaded Mr. Murry's style, and it is an element which has not yet had time to make itself at home. It clashes oddly too with traces of the old, irredeemable Murry who still insists on having his Shakespeare crucified and concludes as of old with an invocation and an injunction to love.

But in the main what a fine book it is! I think Mr. Murry's best, and he has written two or three good ones. A large part of its excellence comes too from the same source as its weaknesses. It will seem odd to many that Mr. Murry's finest writing in this book is not about Keats but about Montaigne, the least romantic, glamorous and vague, the most deeply hidden and in many ways most precise of all possible literary heroes. Yet there it is. And what follows it is a consideration of the problem of order, a problem which one had begun to think the special preserve of last year's batch of Catholic converts and the Fascist apologetics for General Franco, at any rate not a Murry problem. Mr. Murry now finds the very essence of Shakespeare in the panegyric of Degree and the essential tragedy of Lear in his departure from it.

Mr. Murry has, in fact, got his feet planted firmly at last. Perhaps he always had, but the figure presented in his writings was too often that of a man having a lark in the clouds. There is no question of a relapse, of sinking into the bosom of Mother Church. Rather it is the conclusion of a man who, as he says of William Morris, 'rebelled against the notion, to which Wordsworth and Coleridge had finally succumbed, that the function of the Church was to reconcile the common man to a social order that had become radically atheistic', and who yet could not escape the knowledge that 'fearless rest' and 'hopeful work' (two things which Morris, and after him all social reformers have tried to substitute for Christian piety) are themselves Christian ideas and the whole desire of a deeply rooted man.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL.

EUROPE RE-HOUSED by Elizabeth Denby. *Allen & Unwin.* 14*s. net.*

The words 'housing' and 'slum clearance' have acquired with us the staleness of a problem that, like the poor, is ever with us. Miss Denby's study of the re-housing achievements of six European countries since the last war brings out clearly that housing as a social question is inevitably bound up with the economics of the capitalist State. Only in simple peasant communities can the worker build and own his own dwelling. In big cities the site value as well as the specializa-

tion of the factory worker make that ideal no longer possible. Sweden, of the countries studied, is the only example of workers owning their own flats or cottages on a large scale. And in Sweden the standard of living is highest, with very few on the poverty line.

Each country had an individual problem after the War, though all had a problem, because the war had held up the normal course of building and had raised prices so as to make private building almost prohibitive. In Holland the difficulty is always the lack of land which must be husbanded carefully. In Germany it was lack of money. So, too, in Austria. In France it was the intense respect for land ownership. In England our problem has been largely of our own making. Only very reluctantly has the State accepted the fact that the wage which an exporting manufacturer can pay his workmen will give no margin for proper housing. Therefore, to retain the sacred principle of private enterprise unimpaired we have held firmly to the subsidy. Yet it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the subsidy has gone largely to builder and landowner without providing the type of housing that was most required. No other nation could afford such extravagance. They were forced to seek better value for their money.

Miss Denby is too experienced and too human to lose her head over foreign experiments because they are different. She knows that what suits the Italian would be unwelcome to the English. That is why her analysis is of such great value. She is not afraid moreover, to point an accusing finger at our failings and to show that we have something to learn from every other, nation. For instance, the French, whose housing record is bad, have made remarkable advances in technique, particularly in communal services such as rubbish disposal. The Viennese had (in the days of the Socialist Municipal Government) the highest standard of amenity for their workers. The Dutch have paid most attention to educating

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the slum-minded. The Germans have made bricks almost without straw. It is probably from the Swedes that we have most to learn. They have built in a way which has not disfigured either town or country. They have evolved a system of co-operative ownership of flats which has solid advantages, and perhaps this is the most interesting fact of all for us, they have encouraged the desire of families to have a detached house and garden by facilitating the building of cottages by those who are to occupy them. Admittedly the Swede is not so far divorced from his craft as many of our poor in England, but it is probable that some such experiment would give surprising results, when it is recalled what the Social Service councils have been able to achieve in other fields.

The author sums up her investigations with fairness but with a courage which may not prove palatable to our architects and rulers.

I do not think that anyone who has travelled abroad or made even the most casual observations of our own housing can refute her conclusions. The book is the outcome of years of intelligent study and practice. I should like to hear that Miss Denby had been appointed advisor to the Ministry of Health. Other countries have known how to make use of such talent.

NOEL CARRINGTON.

BRIGHTON ROCK, by Graham Greene. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

REBECCA, by Daphne du Maurier. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

WILLIAM & DOROTHY, by Helen Ashton. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

LATE SUMMER, by Barbara Wilson. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Brighton Rock establishes Mr. Graham Greene in the front rank of his contemporaries. Excepting Mr. James Hanley's *Hollow Sea*, no novel published in recent months can attempt to rival its imaginative power. For his plot Mr. Greene has taken a conventional 'tough' story of crime and detection in the underworld of racecourse gangs and razor-battles; but he has not been content to leave his characters as the simple dummies that normally serve on these occasions. He has magnified them, under the lens of Catholic theology, to the point where a spiritual drama becomes articulate within the straight drama of murder and 'carving-up'. The principal character is a boy of seventeen who leads a second-rate gang. Obsessed with a morbid revulsion from sex, cold-blooded, callous and cruel, he is a figure of unrelieved evil. Mr. Greene neither pleads nor extenuates and yet the very precision and integrity of his indictment exact a terrible pity for the boy. This is a magnificent portrait, penetrating to a depth of understanding at which praise and censure become irrelevant. If the business of the artist is to contemplate, Mr. Greene is a true and rare artist.

The Boy is pursued by his essential enemy, a large-hearted cheery generous woman, representative of the 'natural' world, whose philosophy is a blend of primitive superstitution and the secularized remnants of Nonconformity. The inner drama of the book is the deepening struggle between these two—the Boy impelled relentlessly on his chosen course of Evil, the woman using her wits to unravel his web of concealment. By introducing the vocabulary of spiritual life and death, Mr. Greene adds immeasurably to the horror of his mundane crimes; and the final posthumous cruelty of the Boy acquires thereby a poignancy which it could have in no other way. I must not give the impression, however, that *Brighton Rock* is a thinly disguised papist tract. It is a thriller, made all the more exciting because the stakes are doubled and re-doubled by the author's insight into the drama he describes. Every character is completely and brilliantly drawn, with no concession to abstract theory. Mr. Greene's Catholicism illuminates the created fact of his story, and not *vice versa*. *Brighton Rock* is a masterly example of the way to integrate religious or political ideas within the living fabric of the novel—without damaging either.

Miss Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca* equally outstanding in its own class, nd I am tempted to prophesy that Miss n Maurier will become the Marie orelli of our time. She has that rodigality which never uses one word here three will do. Her slow elabora-on of every incident, bathed always in faint nostalgia, produces the hypnotic ffect which persuades one to read on all costs. *Rebecca* is a pedigree escendant of the late Victorian heyday, ll of strong drama, winding pon-erously from one surprising twist to ie next, and adorned by a real villain ho never speaks without making a addish Remark. Miss du Maurier nows just how to handle the baronial ouse, the interesting widower with a cret locked in his heart, the terrifying ousekeeper, the rustic half-wit and l the rest of the Gothic tradition. ebecca herself, like Fielding's Miss atthews, is made particularly piquant y the fact that she never appears; rhaps she saved her life by losing it fore Miss du Maurier could get to her. ut, be that as it may, Miss du Maurier s used a well-tried recipe, and *Rebecca* ll keep the libraries busy for months come.

Miss Helen Ashton's *William and orothy* is a pious attempt to construct novel out of the lives of the ordsworths, Coleridge and their circle. ie not wholly unreasonable complaints poor Sara Coleridge fall on very deaf rs, and Miss Ashton takes her poets th an extremely high seriousness. deed, both Wordsworth and Coleridge, ile waiting in the grave for Miss hton to exhume them, appear to have iled away the time by reading arkenbrooke. To judge *William and orothy* as a novel one is impelled to agine what it would be worth, had the aracters been plain unhistorical John d Sybil; it is the umbilical connection th real and famous people that gives e book what little vitality it possesses. *Late Summer* is a simple and amiable ry of English country life at the turn the present century. The characters through the usual motions of romance hout much fuss, and the lesser figures are drawn with freshness and a gentle wit. What seems most to interest Lady Wilson is the social background, the Boer War, the primitive motor-car, the postponed Coronation; and those who enjoy such documentation will probably share the author's willingness to let the characters find their own way through this engaging *bric-à-brac*.

DESMOND HAWKINS.

SOCIALISM IN NEW ZEALAND, by J. A. Lee, M.P. *Werner Laurie*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Towards the end of last century little New Zealand surprised the world by adopting several measures of radical social reform. An arbitration system was devised to settle industrial disputes; old age pensions were introduced; women were given the vote; big landholders were penalized by special taxation; and, finally, unprecedented State enterprise was extended to such services as housing, insurance, finance and coal-mining. These reforms were instituted by a Liberal-Labour

THE ARYAN PATH

Vol. IX OCTOBER No. 11

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Government under Richard John Seddon, returned to power on a wave of popular reaction against the depression policy of a right-wing administration. But thereafter the country settled down to digest the novelties, which it was well able to do thanks to a continually rising income from exported produce; and it was not until nearly thirty years later that the temper of New Zealand once again turned actively radical.

Mr. Lee is principally concerned with the practical results of that 1935 somersault, when a Labour Government under Mr. M. J. Savage was elected with an open mandate after another disastrous period of falling prices and unemployment. At once the tale of sweeping social innovation was taken up, in Mr. Savage's phrase, "where Seddon left off"; and legislation to establish complete State control of the financial system, to pay farmers a guaranteed price for all their dairy produce, to promote employment by monster public works, and to increase well-being by enhanced pensions and a national health insurance scheme, rapidly pushed this Dominion far ahead of any other country in the world. The present book contains a detailed account of these reforms, liberally supported by statistics, and spiced by the inside knowledge that Mr. Lee has gained as Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Minister of Finance.

New Zealanders have often been curious why their experiments have not attracted more attention among overseas Socialists. For all its faults of incoherent exposition and overstatement, and it has many, this book supplies the final answer to that question. Many years ago Dicey referred to the *socialisme sans doctrines* of New Zealand, and Mr. Lee conclusively demonstrates, as a legislator in his own right, that antipodean radicals have so far adopted no considered political philosophy save that of practical expediency. European revolutionaries and even British left-wingers scarcely breathe the same air as these fortunate reformers in shirt-sleeves.

Sheltered New Zealand has so fa had every advantage for socialisti experiment that Great Britain ha lacked. Mr. Lee, I must say, ha carefully omitted to acknowledge thi debt: indeed, the outside world migh scarcely exist for all the cognisance tha Mr. Lee takes of it. But that i typical of the country. Lucky Ne Zealand!

DONALD COWIE.

MISCELLANEA

BLOODLESS INVASION, by Pau Einzig. *Duckworth.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Paul Einzig has written this littl book in order to open the eyes of tha substantial percentage of the busines world which, confronted by Germany' thrust for trade expansion in th Danube Basin and the Balkans, favour non-intervention (the genuine article —and good luck to her. The usua assumption is that (1) Germany' economic ascendancy in easter Europe is a natural, normal an necessary process and (2) she can mak good all her economic deficiences b this steadily increasing volume of trad and will therefore have no desire t challenge the power and wealth of th British Empire. Both these assump tions, he shows, are fallacious. In fac her immensely strong trade positio is due to diabolical ingenuity in adoptin new methods of business practic deriving from the exchange-clearin agreements which have been in forc since 1931-32. First of all, there was th deliberate contraction of large indebted ness, then the "dodge" of re-sellin abroad the commodities brought fro the Danubian and Balkan countries then the sale, for the sake of the othe side of the account, of second-hand arma ments: after which came selling at 'cut prices, and on the instalment system with the backing of long-term credits Examples of each of these devices ar given, and the intimate connection o this "bloodless invasion" with politica control and military striking power i brought out without any ambiguity

ome figures are given to demonstrate hat even full control of those areas ould not meet Germany's war require- ents. But the challenge, he thinks, ould be taken up. Part III. ntains no less than sixteen suggestions r responsible British circles who may ish to resist that " ruthless " economic netration. This is an aspect of the ntral European issue which has not t been adequately appreciated over re. Dr. Einzig has performed a markable service; let him only not ster the Englishman's tendency to sume that his way of conducting ade is the only right and legitimate e and the other " highly artificial "! he basic problem is and remains litical.

TERNATIONAL SANCTIONS. A Report by a Group of Members of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Political events overtook the hatham House Group's appointed sk " to study and report on the oblems of sanctions ". This book, wever, thanks to Mr. H. P. S. atthews' able collation of the undant material arising from the alo-Abyssinian test-case, shows little gn of its stunted growth. Its eighteen apters cover every facet of the bject—without perhaps going into eat detail. One would have liked, instance, to see a chapter on the titude of the smaller States and, rtainly, one on the consequences of power upon the system of pooled urity envisaged in the Covenant. t it is a most valuable and well notated piece of work.

IE LOST BRITISH POLICY, by Barbara Wertheim. *United Editorial.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The cryptic title disguises a competent d illuminating study of this country's 0-years-old policy with regard to the rian peninsula. At the end of the VIIth century Spain's power and stige declined to the point when her status was more or less that of a chancery ward, and people started talking of her " independence "—a sure sign of a State's chronic dependence. Ever since Great Britain has been the self-appointed guardian of that " independence ", with Gibraltar, and for some time a lien on Minorca, as suitable recompense. Except for a short period at the end of the XVIIIth century when Franco-Spanish naval forces had for a time mastery of the seas, Britain's overwhelming naval and economic strength ensured success for a policy of resisting any designs on Spain by the dominant power on the Continent. First France and latterly Germany was ' the enemy ' to be fended off. To-day the traditional policy seems to have gone by the board, lost in the mists of non-intervention. There is some consolation, however, in the parallel drawn by Miss Wertheim of the resignation of Mr. Eden last February and that of Pitt and Lord Temple who parted company from a pusillanimous Cabinet in 1761.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief ch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY *public.*

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t a moment of nerve-rending vity THE FORTNIGHTLY, as a political in, cannot but project its searchlight the subject which is on everyone's ds—Czechoslovakia and the shadow Germany. But, as the Editor hasizes, the Czech crisis is only an ited phenomenon of the much bigger s. The failure on the part of onsible circles in France and Great ain to appreciate what is at stake pain, for instance, is now avenging f. And it is a failure springing in the n from ignorance rather than berate design. Hence the impor-e of the extensive paper on the nco *régime* which we publish this th.

he author, **Manuel Chaves Nogales,** editor of the well-directed Madrid y newspaper *Ahora* which in its ern presentation and its news and le services put its older rivals to ne. When the civil war started owners of the paper escaped to thier climes, but Señor Chaves ales—who made no secret of his chment to liberal-democratic ideas rried on under the new *régime* of kers' control. He was not molested ny way. When, however, the ernment left the capital, Señor ves Nogales followed suit, and for past eighteen months he has been g in France, one of the considerable ber of non-conforming Spaniards have witnessed the extremism ht and Left devour itself. As he original clash of ideals has, become a thing of the past. ish scene now is just a welter His consummate knowledge of kground lends special interest first dispassionate picture of the Insurgent mosaic. It can never be too often emphasized that for our information about Franco's Spain hitherto we have had to depend entirely on visitors with pre-conceived ideas or known sympathies—the only persons allowed into the territory. The article we publish has appeared—in a slightly different form—in recent issues of *l'Europe Nouvelle.*

For illumination on the Czech crisis it seemed desirable to provide the proper focus by examination of the foregound and background. **C. F. Melville,** who has the delicate task of supplying a commentary, written on September 15th, which will 'stand-up' on October 1st, is no stranger to these pages. Readers will recall his lucid paper on "The Austrian Tragedy" in the April issue of the REVIEW. Diplomatic Correspondent—good European-Catholic and Liberal—these are the attributes which fit him for this undertaking.

Another old friend is **Willard Price,** who has written on several themes connected with the Far East and who now turns his attention to Palestine, where he spent a short while on his way to London.

Joachim Joesten, author of a brief paper on Germans outside Germany, has been for some years correspondent of *Le Temps* in Copenhagen. Foreign affairs, otherwise, are left alone this month. The hour is too serious for commentary on any but the major sources of disturbance. We have, however, given space to that Cinderella of His Majesty's Dominions, Newfoundland, which is sadly in need of remedial treatment. **T. W. Lodge, C.B.,** wrote a preliminary article in the May, 1937, issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY. A

former member of the Commission of Government appointed in 1934 to set Newfoundland's house in order, he has become convinced—from new evidence—that the situation is getting worse rather than better.

L. E. O. Charlton has some winged words on the continued unpreparedness of this country of ours for the dread contingency of war. Our readers may remember an earlier article 'Gas and Gulls' which appeared in the June, 1937, issue. Otherwise, we have, purposely refrained from comment on domestic issues, completely dwarfed as they are by the portents of war.

This has given us the opportunity, however, to publish a number of unusual contributions. Thus, we are extremely fortunate to have an authoritative study of the life and work of Sigmund Freud by one who is peculiarly fitted to supply that dis passionate commentary which the worl has hitherto lacked.

William McDougall rightly enjoy the reputation of being one of th foremost writers on psychologica topics. Formerly Reader in Psycholog at Oxford he has spent the past te years and more at Duke University North Carolina, U.S.A., but returns t England almost every summer. W published a vigorous essay of his o 'Laughter' in September, 1937. Pro fessor Freud is now domiciled in thi country, and we are glad to hear tha he has made a good recovery from recent operation.

Finally, **Clare Sheridan,** the distin guished sculptress and traveller, gives u a unique first hand account of her lates quaint experience—as a member of a art colony in the Rockies.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

The small house exhibition arranged by the Royal Institute of British Architects will be open to the public, admission free, from October 14 to 29, at the R.I.B.A., 66, Portland Place, W.1. It should be well worth a visit. It is to be opened jointly by Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., and Mr. J. B. Priestley, on Thursday, October 13, and the object of the exhibition is to show ways in which architects think the small house, provided for people of moderate means, might be improved. The exhibition is intended primarily for the householder, whether his house is municipally owned, bought from a speculating builder, or built for him to the designs of an architect. The exhibition will consist of models, photographs, and diagrams arranged in three sections. The first will illustrate the evils of unconsidered development and shoddy building. The second will be historical, showing good examples of small house building and grouping in the past. The third and largest section will suggest ways in which structure, design and detail equipment could be improved and also demonstrate the advantages to the householder of skilled town planning and estate layout. The exhibition will afterwards go on tour in the suburbs of London and in the Provinces.

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Prior to the publication of *The International Who's Who*, by Europa Publications, Ltd., 6, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, there had been an irritating unnecessary gap in the field of biographical reference. *The International Who's Who* not only fills that gap by making reference easy and inexpensive but assists thereby international understanding, which is in itself a real contribution to the cause of peace. Europa Publications Ltd., publishers of *Europa*, an authoritative and complete reference book, are also responsible for *Orbis*. As the name suggests this volume is a reference book for all countries, although in view of the Europa volume, outside the boundaries of Europe. *Orbis* is published in loose-leaf form to retain the advantages of constantly up-to-date reference. It deals with the political, economic, industrial and cultural life of the nations of Africa, America, Asia and Australasia, on a scale never before attempted in a single volume.

* * * * *

It is necessary to know something about the Bureau of Human Heredity, which is the International Centre for Information on Diagnostic Characters at 115, Gower Street, W.C.1. The Bureau is a Clearing-House for facts on man ; its purpose is to ensure correlation between theory and practice. The Bureau serves the immediate needs of education, vocational choice and training, of preventive medicine and therapy, of social adjustment and the just and successful handling of delinquency and crime. A steady flow of voluntary helpers support Dr. Otto Lauenstein, who is working effectively on the collation of data but the undertaking needs financial support. The figure sought for endowment of present needs is £25,000.

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" Waiting for Lefty " is one of the Unity Theatre's big successes. Two years ago Clifford Odets, the author, gave the Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, Nr. Mornington Crescent, N.W.1., the rights of this play and since that time the Unity Theatre have given 300 performances. It is now being

played again together with *Senora Carrar's Rifles* by Bertold Brecht. This play shows how a Spanish mother, who has already sacrificed her husband in the struggle to establish a Republic, feels that she has given enough to her country.

* * * * *

The Friends Service Council, the Austrian Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, inform us that the number of cases of Austrian refugees calling for attention is rapidly increasing. In the Vienna Friends Centre queues of Non-Aryans wait for interviews. Each case is carefully examined and a form filled in which is sent to London. At Friends House in London the cases are carefully investigated and every chance explored of finding opportunities of starting a new life for the refugees. The number of tragic letters and personal applications from friends and relatives in this country increases every day. There is a great need for hospitality for people who have temporary permits, allowing them to wait in this country until their American papers come through or till arrangements can be made for them to proceed to one of the Colonies. The tickets to the Colonies can be purchased in Vienna before leaving, but everything else has to be left behind, and unless the refugee happens to have money outside Austria it is impossible for him to find the landing fee required by the Colony. If they had sufficient funds the Friends could help many families to emigrate and start on a new life under happier circumstances. Money is needed to provide for people in this country while they are waiting for arrangements for emigration to be made. Chief needs, therefore, are: *Hospitality*, especially in London, and *Money*.

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